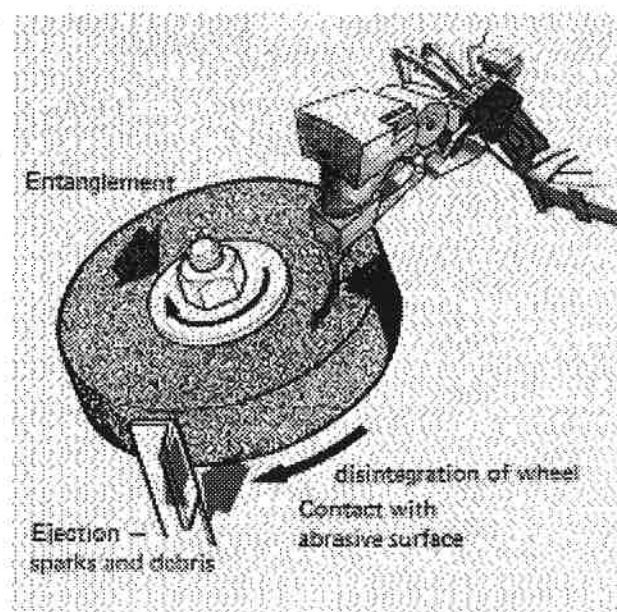
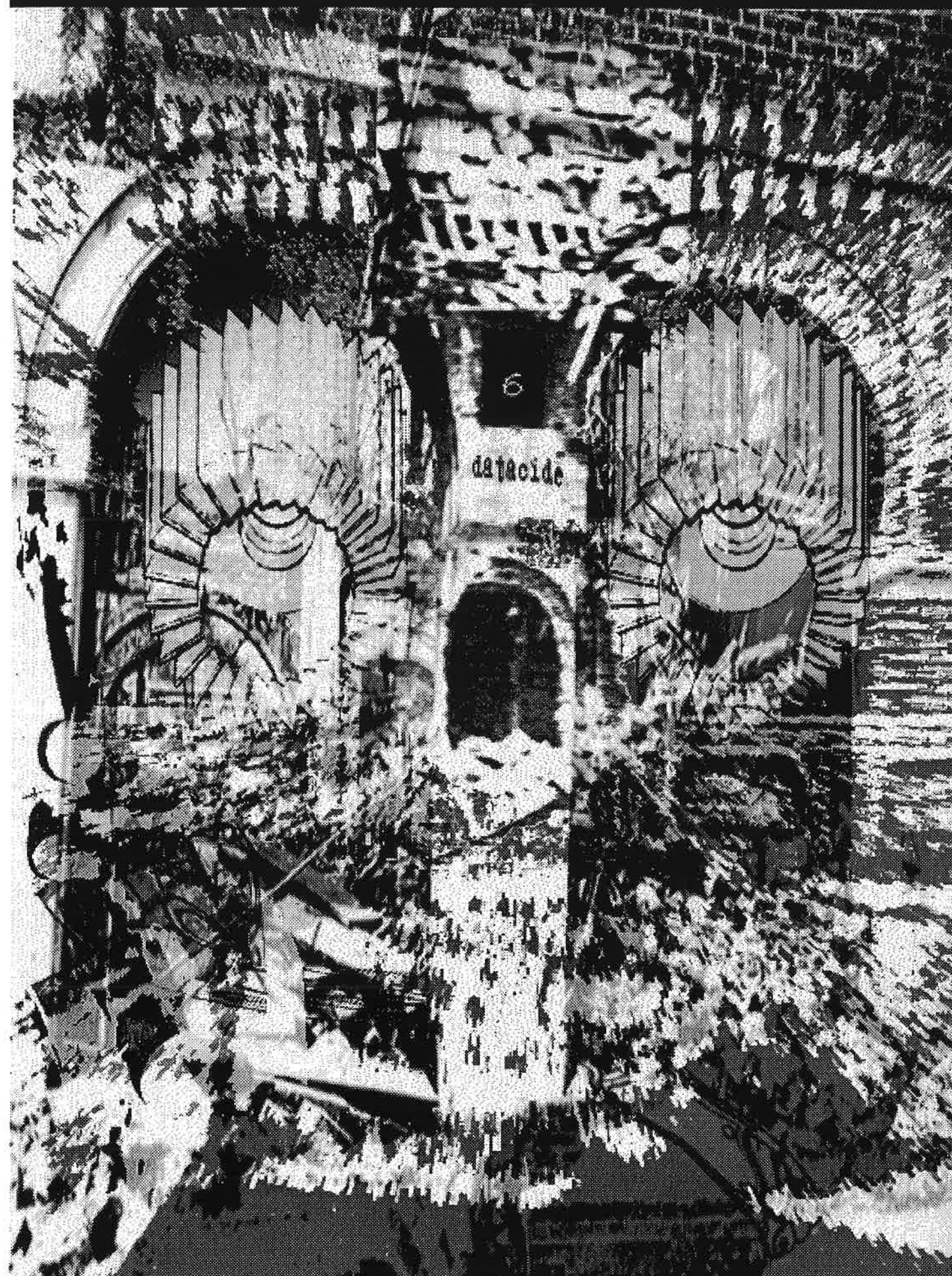


datacide six

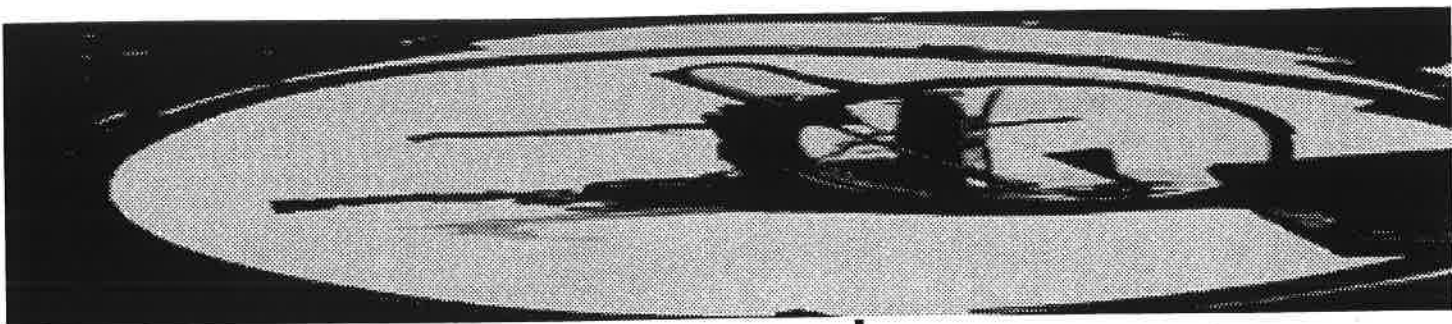


one pound (fifty)

datacide six: criminal minded / long live death ! / state of emergency



ministries of the orgasm / cavage / ultrared / jungle voodoo / wreck 'n' roll



There are more or less fruitful periods in musical development, periods of innovation, of experimentation, when someone, or technology, or new distribution systems push doors open and previously inaccessible areas transform themselves into playgrounds, and new manifestations of crazy obsessions find their ways into the bedrooms and DJ-bags. These periods seem to alternate with duller times, when even innovation seems a mere play by the spectacle, rebellion is a pose for advertising and almost everybody is flogging dead horses with a forced positivity.

These dull periods are by no means devoid of struggles, as we can see of the current phase, a dullness ~~at~~ ~~acide~~ has set out to shake up, the cultural management of which needs to be sabotaged at every opportunity.

Innovation is by no means the key to this - capitalism constantly needs innovation - the key is liberation of cultural fields, the emergence of a collective cultural practice to replace corporate control over the economy of ideas.

"No fascist centralism has managed what the centralism of consumer society has achieved. Fascism propagated a reactionary and monumental model, but it remained on paper. Various sub-cultures (the peasants, the sub-proletarians, the workers) unerringly oriented themselves towards their traditional models. Repression limited itself to demanding a verbal consensus. Today however the consensus with the dominant models demanded by the centre is without conditions and total."

Pier Paolo Pasolini (whose film *Salò - 120 Days of Sodom* is the subject of a major article in this issue) wrote this is 1973 (notably talking about *Italian* fascism), and proceeds to say: *"You could therefore claim that the ideology of hedonistic 'tolerance' wanted by the new system of domination is the worst type of repression in human history."*

I can here only ask questions that maybe explain how we come to ask further questions in the various aspects of this magazine. Voicing suspicions, mouthing off. ARE we in the worst period of history? Are Bomber Blair and his henchmen introducing a new type of fascism for the millennium? Does it matter, or is everything going down anyway?

How come, then, the recent inflationary use of the word 'Revolution' in advertising and pop culture? Virgin Airlines proposed a 'Leninist/Maoist' version of this with massive billboards showing a Chinese bearing a red flag proclaiming "Revolution in the Air", followed by a poster campaign saying 'Join the Party', even naming the day of the 'revolution' (22nd may...). Apple Computers, in the same month, proclaimed "Another Year, another revolution.", launching their 'reinvented' Power Macintosh G3, promising their "most powerful, expandable and revolutionary" computer. In 'Macworld' one columnist got so excited that he subtitled his text: "If Che Guevara was alive he'd use a Mac - the only revolutionary friendly platform". Atari Teenage Riot demanded "Revolution Action" on their 12", also released this month, just the latest in a string of attempts at recuperation by the spectacle (released through Elektra, a Time-Warner company in the US).

"If it seems somewhat ridiculous to talk of revolution, this is obviously because the organised revolutionary movement has long since disappeared from the modern countries where the possibilities of a decisive transformation of society are concentrated. But everything else is even more ridiculous, since it implies accepting the existing order in one way or another. If the word 'revolutionary' neutralized to the point of being used in advertising to describe the slightest change in an ever-changing commodity production, this is because the possibilities of a central desirable change are no longer expressed anywhere. Today the revolutionary project stands accused before the tribunal of history - accused of having failed, of having engendered a new alienation. This amounts to recognising that the ruling society has proved capable of defending itself, on all levels of reality, much better than revolutionaries expected. Not that it has become more tolerable. Revolution has to be reinvented, that's all."

Internationale Situationiste #6 (August 1961)

We used this quote on the first Praxis newsletter five years ago, and as the above examples illustrate, may be further from such a re-invention than then or ever; but despite the relative vapourisation of the resistance against the CJB, and the victory of Blairism, visibility is not the key to successful resistance, but understanding of the system, and new types of communication, structures, forms of organisation, community and action are. As we are going to print days before (and you'll probably read this shortly after) the international June 18th actions, we wait until next issue with an analysis of the development of resistance, but an important point to observe is that from the resistance against the CJB (as well as the Poll Tax previously) the focus has shifted from more issue based campaigns to a critique and action against the capitalist economic system, a system has gone through enough minor periodic collapses to prompt market guru and financial speculator George Soros to state: *"The collapse of the global marketplace would be a traumatic event with unimaginable consequences. Yet I find it easier to imagine than the continuation of the present regime."* Remember the "Global Gloom" panic last autumn? The next crisis, with some help from the Millennium Bug, is just around the corner, and likely to be much more severe.

To coincide with the meeting of the G8 (the eight most powerful industrial nations) is a international day of carnival in the financial centres that should bring the issues involved to the fore. It would be healthy for everybody to think about what to do when the bubble of current finance capitalism bursts (or are you just content to live under martial law when it does?), and even better to consider and start building alternative modes of communal organisation that don't depend on state or capital.

Certain pre-millennial tensions have not only caused the government to issue yet another warning concerning 'the bug' - and the industry to try and nip any real revolutionary forces in the bud - they also seem to lead to a state of diminished responsibility in the cultural sector.

Last issue's *Mediation* piece - hoping to cause some discussions - has found little direct response, most seem to prefer to pretend it didn't happen, nevertheless the lines have been drawn clearer with Matthew Hardern (sic), who had prominently featured in the Wire's *Harder! Faster! Louder!* article, stating to Spin: "I don't flirt with fascism, I embrace it". The spectre has been raised once more, if just for the sake of cheap shock tactics - it should still be taken serious. The recurring image of fascism in hard electronic music will be the topic of another future article, which will examine its function and the function of fascism as an agent to save capitalism.

In the meantime we hope hope this yet again expanded issue will serve as inspiration and intensifier.

note on kosovo

BOMB! BOMB! BOMB! blaired the Sun newspaper headline - a public incitement to mass destruction, a mass destruction taking place, according to the Prime Minister, for humanitarian reasons. So humanitarian that Blair's and Clinton's bombs have considerably accelerated and worsened the refugee crisis, and brought (at least triggered/sped up) disaster over an ever larger section of the civil population already badly hurt by the civil war in Kosovo.

How the killing of large numbers of Kosovar refugees and Serb civilians, the bombing of hospitals, the TV station and the Chinese embassy by NATO are supposed to fit in the concept of surgical intervention to stop killing and destruction is largely left open - that "mistakes happen" is simply not good enough, nor is the dictum that Milosevic is responsible for everything to do with the conflict.

Of course Blair is lying - if his "moral crusade" (his words) was humanitarian, he should have done something about the plight of the Kurdish people under Turkish rule, but Turkey is a NATO member and oppression of minorities there is not an issue.

So what is the real agenda of the NATO bombing? - There are serious rift within the Western establishments. The US fears an increased independence of a Europe dominated by the French and the Germans. The English fear to lose what remains of their 'leadership' position in Europe by losing the backup by the 'special relationship' with the US. The US is interested to keep Europe under its close influence with the British as their faithful dogs in a stronger position than they would hold on their own. [An example of this is that in the bloody and genocidal civil war in Rwanda one side (the Hutus) were backed by the French, while Britain and the US backed the Tutsi Rwandan Patriotic Army - the ultimate death toll was an estimate 500'000.]

- A situation was created whereby the whole of NATO - including, most notably, the Germans (for the first time since WWII) - went out to bomb Serbia for a civil war conflict that took place inside its borders. [Imagine, say, an Arab power bloc bombing Britain for the conflict in Northern Ireland. A refugee crisis would certainly ensue...]

The participation of Germany was crucial especially as it happened shortly after a new Social-Democratic / Green coalition government came to power. This marks the final sell-out of the Green Party whose original power base had been the anti-Nuclear and anti-NATO movement. Now they back air strikes (Joschka Fischer, Green Party foreign minister did get a paint bomb in the face at their party conference, so at least there was some disagreement).

- Russia was outraged, but another thing Blair and Clinton wanted to show is that they are now in a position to humiliate the Russians: NATO can bomb whoever they want, and Russia can't do anything about it. - We should have no sympathy for Milosevic or Saddam, but the cynical power politics of Clinton and Blair, and their 'Third Way' world domination enterprise needs to be denounced. Not only because Blair doesn't stop smiling as he throws bombs, but because for their very own power reasons they are creating a situation of deep resentment and hatred in many areas of the 'second' and 'third' world that will sooner or later backfire on Europe and North America.

- Part of their strategy to get backing by their own people is to single out certain figures (Milosevic, Saddam, Bin Laden) as the arch enemies of democracy and freedom and build them up as despicable satanic characters that are cause enough to bomb other countries. The hypocrisy is clear, since the west doesn't cease to actively support, bankroll and back anti-democratic regimes around the world who do not question their aspirations for world power, or who are not in the way of the expansion of the capitalist market and anglo-american cultural imperialism. The identification of resistance with characters like "Slobba" serves also to discredit resistance.

- The strategy to denounce Serbia as "fascist" and

Eiterherd Charts 06/02/99

- (no order)
x) Ambush 6/7
x) LowRes 03
x) Psywarp01
x) Praxis 32
x) Nolek 06
x) Cycloscotch 02
x) HOTF - Lost in Translation/PremiumCrack
x) Cumshot - chicks with dicks CDR
x) Acid Enema - unreleased MP3s
x) Schizoid - MP3s
x) Karl Amok - Widerstand 12 (unreleased MP3s)
x) Berzerker - Widerstand09 trax (unreleased)

Daniel / Tochnit Aleph, Berlin

1. Sudden Infant / No Is E 7" (cut up constructions)
2. Merzbow / Aqua Necromancer CD (Alien8)
3. Golden Virginia E2.00
4. Luxury Discrete Surroundings CD (Mecano)
5. Break/Flow magazine
6. Nomex - Funkytownlive @ Backspace
7. Various - Tribute to Nik Kershaw LP (Dhyana)
8. Misfits - 4 CD Coffin (Caroline)
9. Christoph de Babalon 7" (Zhark)
10. Dachise - Imbeciles in Love CD (Tochnit Aleph)

Joke (Sudden Infant)

1. Sudden Infant / No Is E - finals 7"
2. Cher - believe 12"
3. Riot 12"
4. Praxis 21 - stammheim
5. Suicide - Frankie teardrop
6. Whitehouse - cream of the 2nd coming LP
7. Schimpflich Gruppe - mann LP
8. Devo - we're not men LP
9. Bionda - plastic letters LP
10. Cramps - psychedelic jungle LP

Crossbones Phuture Rush Chart

- 1) E-Mat - E-Shitter Bass Machine - Arcadipane 4
- 2) Trashman - The Last Fight (Ace The Space Remix) - Steel Wheel
- 3) Dr. Macabre - Danse Macabre - MegaRave 20
- 4) Last Reminow - Global Collapse EP - LT9903
- 5) Da JMC - Were Back - Coolman
- 6) Promo - Given By Instinct - FILE 4 (ID&T)
- 7) T-Wisted - The 2000 EP - White
- 8) Promo - System Feedback - FILE 3 (ID&T)
- 9) Cyborg Unknown - Return of the Cyborg Unknown - Techno Tribe 8 ZTR 001 - Neuroviolence
- 10) Wayward - PCI 871 - White
- 11) System 7 - M.U.S.I.K. - Mackenzie
- 12) Neophyte - None of Ya Left - Rotterdam Records 66
- 13) Mindcrash - Confusion EP - Mindcrash 003
- 14) Marshall Masters - Return to Zero - ID&T (one sided)

Crossbones 'Voice of Rave' Chart

- 1) The Voice of Rave - UMM 1
- 2) The Hunter Project - Fear - 80 AUM
- 3) Problem House Vol. II - Hithouse
- 4) Meng Syndicate - Artificial Fantasy - Hithouse
- 5) Holy Noise - The Global Insect Project - Hithouse
- 6) Holy Noise - Enter the Darkness - Hithouse
- 7) Problem House Vol. III - Hithouse
- 8) Dilemma - Hexahedron - Mackenzie
- 9) The Unknown - Dreams of Santa Anna - christoph de babalon - rise above this (zhark 7001)
- 10) Prudens Futur - In the Name of the One - 80 AUM

charts

The Lurker

- 1 - Thrillseeka (Paul Elastik, Marc Arcadipane, The Stunned Guys) - EP
- 2 - T-wisted - 2000 EP
- 3 - So Real - G-Town Madness
- 4 - DJ Promo 4 - ID&T
- 5 - Shoot that Motherfucker - Arjuna - Guitar Rob remix
- 6 - FE 9
- 7 - Dark Earth - Unknown Species
- 8 - White Line - LT9901
- 9 - The Mover - The Gates of Heaven
- 10 - Dr.Macabre - Danse Macabre - MegaRave

Hecate / Zhark U.K.

1. Bomb Dogs-Brockley Heathens AIR13
2. Slaughter Politics - Praxis 21
3. Cavage 2
4. Aerial Pornography - (mysterious CDR)
5. CDB - Rise Above This - ZharkUK 7001
6. Zipperpsy - demo for HWF - RRR
7. Keukot - (mad Finnish guys)
8. Proletariat Revolution - Stewart Home
9. Dachise - Imbeciles in Love CD Tochnit Aleph
10. Huren - The Shroud - Zhark Berlin 00009

E.U.N.

- Bomb Dogs - A.I.R.
- Mac II Vol. 5
- Atom X - A.I.R.
- LT 9901
- DJ Trac - Sniper
- Neophyte - None of Ya Left
- Rave Frontier
- Translomsnacks

<stevvi@c8.com>

- Subject: stevvi hits
- Praxis 21 - Nomex & Fringell
 - Mego 15 - Pure
 - SuShooter 007 - Somatic
 - Noise Creator (tape)
 - GO1 - Grey Organization
 - Kid66 CD-R
 - Pure CD-R (Sub/V.004 etc.)
 - Sun Eater CD - Noise/Girl
 - keel POP12.003 - Gerochy vs.
 - Wintermute
 - Dark seek music
 - http://c8.com

christoph

- eiterherd - 1984 vs. 1988 (CDR)
- cavage 02
- slaughter politics (praxis 21)
- deadly systems 7 (praxis usa DAT)
- audio illusion 13 (test)
- hex 1
- jobe for the masses (B1 only)
- kut up kaos kick/ultrash (hwl 1)
- break/flow
- christoph de babalon - rise above this (zhark 7001)



lifestyle trends of late capitalism

Homeless Chic

- In January 1999 the Independent on Sunday ran a post-modern success story: A homeless person, camping outside the Savoy Hotel in London was "discovered" to become a supermodel! "Heroin chic is dead - Long live homeless chic", it declared and reached new heights of cynicism. In Blair's Third Way society, where class conflict is abolished, it is merely a career move to sleep in the street in mid-winter.

Avant-Lame

- Definitely spotted at one of The Royal Festival Hall's music events, the temple of bourgeois culture with a "radical" gloss. Desplicable hordes of middle-class goofs who hold the decrepid press (nameably lifestyle mags) and its unclear messages dear to their hearts. They are the legal rebels - walking the road of blind belief - taking supposed socio-political articles in The Wire, Sleazeation, and the likes seriously. Name-droppers of the worst sort, who convince themselves they are the new breed of intellectual elite, quick to come up with confused theories no matter the political context.

Voluntary Work

- Britain keeps cleaning up its statistics by excluding people entirely from what's left of the welfare state. Under the voluntary work scheme people are offered £10 (ten) more than the dole cheque for 30 (thirty) hours of work per week. By declining they prove that really they don't want to work and don't deserve to be a part of society, so they have their dole cheques stopped. Concepts like this used to be called forced labour, and are about as voluntary as the concentration camps used to be, classically set up as labour camps ("Arbeit macht frei"). These days the state doesn't even want to build the camps anymore, it's all left up to the private sector.

Nouveau Blank

- Technophile without initiative, hypnotized by ad-banners on websites, they have no point of view or opinion unless they are firmly told: "click here". Even then they are afraid of an emotional involvement... of responsibility beyond brand names.

Handy-Cults & E-mail Personality Disorders

- What was hailed as a liberatory function of the internet by some sectors is that by communicating over the net no one knows who you really are, no one can look in your eyes and your lies are not so easily discovered. You can "be" whoever you want to "be". Propaganda lies are now available to everybody.

At the same time commuters, business people and everybody in the grip of the ecstasy of communication is talking into their mobiles, on the streets, in the trains, cars, in their breaks, so they don't have to be dealing with the people around them... as they are watched by countless security cameras.

Pseudo Solutions and Murder

- To be "tough on crime" has been one of the keys to election success. Bush offered Dukakis on that ticket, and a whole economy is built around it that has abandoned outdated notions of "Justice" and is concentrating on the administration of a bizarre economy of pseudo-solutions.

Say, we have a crack problem in a run down neighbourhood, not the least important cause of which is that we are trying to finance a covert war with drug funds, and decided that the people in the said neighbourhood aren't going to vote for us anyway. Since we need the money, we don't want to solve the problem, and since the perpetrators at the higher levels are in league with us, we don't want to put them behind bars. We can use the situation in different ways: Instead of ignoring it and therefore profiting we can profit twice - we can whip up a crime hysteria, and prove the necessity for more police state. With human sacrifice we can show the public that "we mean business" - remember: Bill Clinton had a mentally handicapped man executed in Arkansas to appear "tough on crime" to the electorate.

If you have a need and you would like us to pray for you,
please fill out the form below and mail it to us.

b.m. jed london wein 3xx

PRAYER REQUEST

Please fill in your details below:

Your full name and address please (no pseudonyms)

First Name (PRINT)

Surname

Address

Telephone - Day

Evening

Please tick the appropriate box for your prayer request.

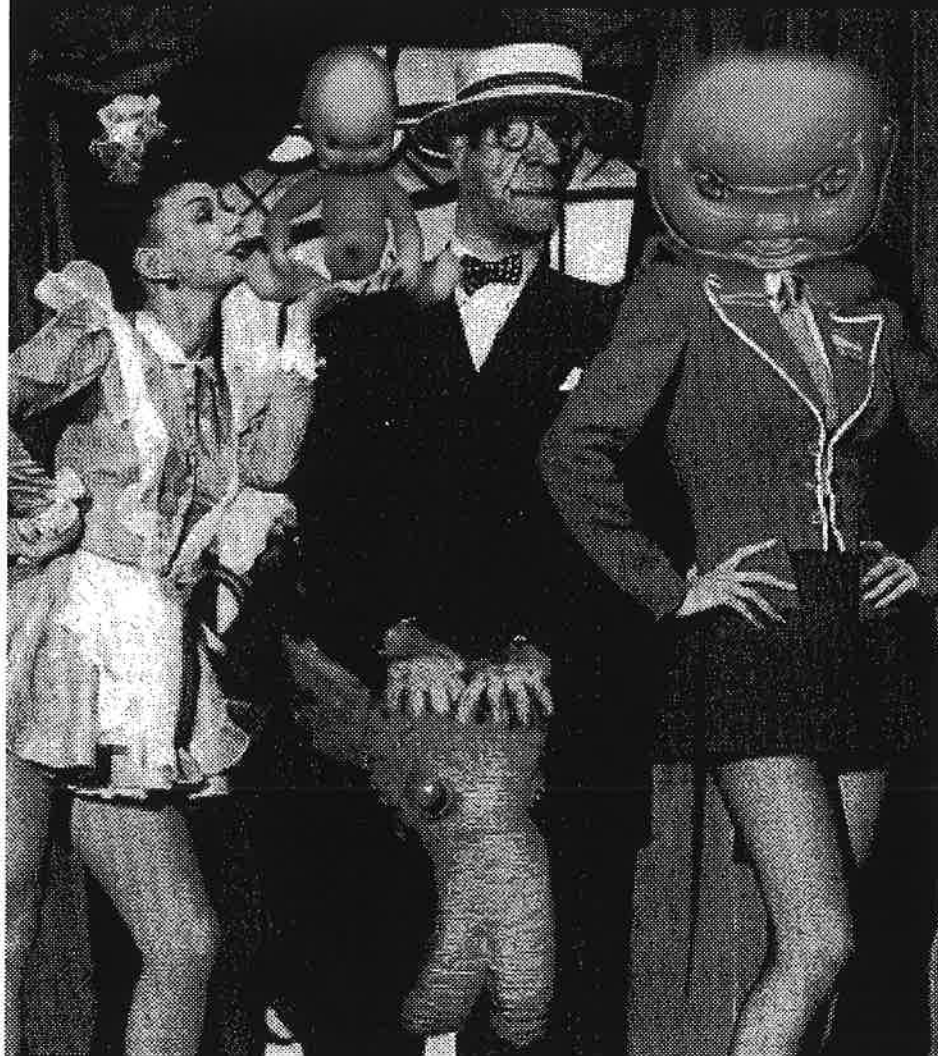
- ☐ Birth
☐ Addition
☐ Financial
☐ Children

- ☐ Unemployed
☐ I would like you to visit me
☐ Immigration

- ☐ Abuse
☐ Job
☐ Friends/Relatives in Prison

- ☐ Mortgage
☐ Unemployment

the lives and times of bloor schleppy (6)



script: fringeli/hodgkinson, photographs: hodgkinson

a rare family
shot of bloor
- on a visit
to Coney
Island? or
exiting from a
secret society
meeting?
posing with
friends, asso-
ciates, lovers
?
It becomes
clear that the
bloids have
penetrated
time itself,
beyond simula-
tion, beyond
authenticity
...

3 The Hardway / Renegade Hardware. Usual Suspects kick off a good compilation "Lifeform" again a track that develops through intricate atmospherics hits the bass line and locks on. **Fibre Optix 'Sin'** features an addictive synth slurr and an off kilter development. "Beachball" (Fierce and Optical) has the Optical magic: seamless production, odd vocal line, meticulously crafted beat programming, a feeling of real composition. *Mechos*

Total Science: CIA 98002 Amazing 3 Tracker "Radius" explores a strange hemisphere of sound starting in the depths with a interference static on the periphery the slowly wells up. Total Science are exploring an added dimension not usually worked out in drum and bass. Very welcome. *Mechos*

Renegade Hardware's Soundscapes vol. 2 feature 2 classics: "Advent" (of the supercomputer) by Usual Suspects releases high pressure energy over atmospheric melody which notches up in 3 stages growing more powerful every time. The whole track is so perfectly produced the details of the sampling are joy to behold. **Psychosis's "Inner Sense"** deploys intricate metallic triplet manipulations with pitch shifted amens over delay patterns and then the synth emerges from the depths and gobbles everything in site. 2 new Virus releases **V001RR Matrix** remixes Ed Rush and Optical's "Medicine" which gives it a new lease of life. **Origin Unknown's** remix of Life Crisis is awesome the melancholic

cello like sample spreads a deep shadow over the beginning and the erupting synth kicks the whole thing into a struggle of forces which is an intricate battle with different voices all having a say. Perfect. *Mechos*

Ed Rush and Optical's "Sicknote Virus VRS004" is a classic the twin forces are a potent alchemy, they always seem to have powers in reserve so everything is just right. The bass line a bulbous beast insisting its way, the beats, hi hats sustaining and mutating and the production is so correct it's natural. "Watermelon" features a succulent synth which cores a deep bass oozing its way through the track. A mouth watering slab of vinyl. *Mechos*

Moving Fusion "The Beginning EP" Part 25. 4 tracks of the hard persistent unrelenting variety. It does not have the perversity of the Ram Trilogy, but it sure kicks. Saturated bass lines, submerged voice samples, hard snares propel through the 4 sides. This genre is most welcome relating to Bad Company's "the nine" and the other rinsed continuum pushers. *Mechos*

Danny Breaks "Dislocated Sounds" ES021 8 tracks that explore different areas. Rap and scratching, jazz fills, distortions, noir atmospheres, great programming. The 4 sides come over as a labour of love. Everything is intricately worked out and mined for it's potential. "is that so", "dissonance" and "definition" are high points.

Mechos

Dark Soldier Challenge / Servo Dread 23

After a lengthy soothing into the beats and bass kick in tough. With Ray Keith at the controls you know this one's going to tear. The grumbling bass stabs are reminiscent of Dark Soldier by Renegade also on Dread. Servo on the other side goes for the brutal bass riff and militant drums. When the amen goes off the full extent of dark and dirty vibes is released. Roughage. *The Reverend*

Starliner No.1

"Let no one indoctrinate you with evil doctrines to suit his own conveniences. Charity begins at home. So first! To thyself be true." Straight out of the Congo Natty camp and still hitting hard. "Star" is a third label name to join "Ras" and "Zion". These tunes only seem to appear as white labels. If you like heavy bass & no-nonsense drums always buy on sight. "People who are helpless we try to show them love and to show them civilisation. Because civilisation didn't flow up the river Nile: it flowed down the river Nile." With this opener the half-pace beat and African drums take off. If you like throwing yourself around to genuinely rocking tunes you'll love this. Big Up Congo Natty! *The Reverend*

Pish Posh Da Mista Remix / Oni Koroshi New Kuts

The bass sounds like an Andy C creation (with added apple crunching noises). Pish Posh - DJ Wally - then has the good sense to add a tearing

amen which turns this into one hell of a track. As it says on the promo "infectious hyperactive jump up madness". This New York label is releasing an album of this stuff entitled "Up Jumps the Boogie". They certainly are Raw Kuts. On the B-side of this one we have the deadly Oni Koroshi with a sample of some space cadet saying "er, hey man, which one of you guys is the DJ... far out, man". And it is a brutal track. The album features firing tracks like "On yer Feet" and "Corrupt Cops". *The Reverend*

Def Con One Time in the Fire / Monkey Mac II 5

This one builds up slowly and then drops a kind of "tubular" old hardcore bass noises. The break is an original and "spacious" one which allows the track to tense up and then release again. This tune rocks it every time. *The Reverend*

Brockie / Ed Solo Represents / Showtime Undiluted 1

I loved the original on the Kool FM album and I love this remix as well. It is the first on Brockie's new label and bodes well for the future. Number 2 is the same two artists while three is something with Genotype. "Represents" is jump up and so is "Showtime". What makes "Represents" stand out is the way the b-line develops and builds up to a full on sub-bass assault. *The Reverend*

Technical Itch Led / Arced Moving Shadow 133

Mark Caro is a truly prolific producer with loads of excellent tunes out

under his Technical Itch guide. And watch out for the album! "Led" has you on the edge of your seat from the start and it doesn't let up. Acide bass and aggressive breaks strictly for the headstrong. "Arced" is a more syncopated squelcher of a track. *The Reverend*

Various Twisted Soundscapes E.P. Fuse

This consists of part 1 and part 2. Part 1 has four tracks the first of which is "Orbiter" by Vagrant remixed to excellent effect by Technical Itch. This is a heads-down mean slice of drum'n'bass. The drums really go off in this track. "21st Century Funk" by A-Sides is a more abstract affair. There's also a dirty chunk of noise by Elements of Noise entitled Anaconda - a basic two-stepper. And finally "Angel Dust" by Embee has that "Splash" records deep in the mix feel to it. Part 2 consists of six more twisted soundscapes. A serious sound. *The Reverend*

Black Science Labs Son of Silence/Exogenesis Certificate 18

DJ Teebee has come out of nowhere to have releases on loads of labels all at once. He's from Norway and specialises in a crisp, clinical production. Definitely a producer to watch out for. Son of Silence throbs with bass and creates a cold atmosphere which is somehow warm (you hippie - Ed.). Quality. *The Reverend*

accuse them of "genocide" adds a new twist to western imperialism. Just as the nail bombs served to get people used to increased police presence, roadblocks and cordoned off areas in the capital, we are supposed to agree with western hegemonism in the name of freedom and human rights.

- In the age of information war, the weapons industry is worried, without a few bombardments once in a while it could easily see profits slump as conflicts are fought not less ferociously, but conceivably in less bloody ways. Kosovo also signals an internal victory against those military strategists who have in recent years emphasised the technological shift towards 'non-lethal' forms of combat. While it is politically difficult to convince people to send their sons into a war for Clinton and Blair and have lots of them return in body bags, to just bomb other countries is the loophole the warmongers have been looking for. They showed they could do it in the middle east, now they show they can do it in Europe. The people of Kosovo are just a pawn in their game.

While it's true that Milosevic and Saddam etc. just have to go, the same is true for Clinton and Blair. The human community of the future will have to be built without any of them.

PS. Who has a mandate to speak, act, bomb in the name of "their" people? Only the one who can still convince "their" people that their version of events isn't merely propaganda but a true assessment of the situation and reaction to it. Does Milosevic have a mandate? Does Clinton, does Blair?

Or does the weapons industry who as always literally makes a killing out of war?

PS (2). After an attempt by the Serbs to capitulate on the 72nd day, the bombing continued for another few days. They refused, so we are told, to "agree to the agreement". This is a bizarre use of language that we might understand better when we consider allied commander General Wesley Clark's statement that fighting NATO must be "like fighting God". Therefore the lines between "Good" and "Evil" are drawn beyond questioning. It is fairly clear what the mid-term future for Kosovo holds - the Serbs are giving up its territory to an international "peace-keeping" troop and administration. A situation similar to Bosnia, now a UN run mock-democracy, is likely to ensue. In the longer run, more seeds for conflict, death and disaster has surely been successfully sown by NATO. The war on the home front has been more successful for Clinton and Blair than the actual war in the Balkans - there has been very little dissent, and - more importantly - NATO unity has held. The signal to the rest of the world that they have to toe the line or else get ripped to shreds has been clearly stated.

And just like the weapons industry made millions out of the bombing, western companies are waiting in the wings with contracts to make money out of rebuilding the rubble.

The dance ends in front of the Judge

Monday, January 25, 7 o'clock in the morning, in Toulouse, Castres, Gaillac and Beziers (south of France), about forty gendarmes and constables are on a war footing to make a search at the members of the Voodooz domiciles.

Thus, they seize all the music equipment (Live set, decks, mixing tables, records, sono, electric guitar etc...), all the vehicles (2 trucks, 1 bus and a car) and diverse other personal belongings. This seizure was of course executed without any regards and part of the equipment, thrown at the back of the bus, is certainly out of order. The operation's crowning was a record seizure of illicit drug, 25 grams of hash (for 15 users) and 2 bangs!

10 people are then handcuffed and taken for 48 hours in a holding cell, set off an examination of 66 questions specially made up for the occasion with ingredients such as: plenty of telephone listening-posts (thousands of pirate conversations on all kinds of lines, homes, parents, mobiles and even public phone boxes), more than 6 months of investigation, cops in civilian clothes infiltrated in the most of the parties in the area. Ravers, my friends, be cautious! They did it for the Voodooz, maybe you are the next ones on the list...

In Albi, the examining magistrate then charged 11 Voodooz with the following charges: "illegal work, breach of the narcotic legislation, no license to sell drinks, infraction to the SACEM (French authority that collect royalties for the music industry), reiterated sound aggressions (!)": this court case is assorted by a placement under judiciary control with the following imperatives:

- Recognisance to sign on every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock at the police station of their residence.
- Interdiction to organise "free-parties, raves and after-parties or assimilated (?)"
- Interdiction, above all, to go to places where such events happen!

The non-respect to any of those directives will directly lead the faulty to wallow in preventive jail until the trial.

Rumours, some of which quite hallucinating, starting to spread, it appears necessary to deepen certain points:

- "illegal work": The free-party organisation is a passion, not a work, and the Voodooz have invested more personal money than the Voodooz even made them earn, all benefits being entirely reinvested in the following party (there was never an armoured van to transport the prodigious gate-money, free parties are not burgesse raves where you pay 10 quid at the door). The records, music instruments and vehicles seized being individual equipment and not collective one, each person has lost here,

121 eviction

The 121 (anarchist) Centre in Railton Rd., Brixton lost their court battle against Lambeth Council earlier this year despite having been a squat for 18 years - which should theoretically mean it's theirs by law, but there's always 'technicalities' - and has been in a state of siege for several months since, publishing the free weekly *South London Stress*.

Many readers of datacide will remember the 121 from the legendary Dead By Dawn parties 1994-1996, but it was also the site of countless gigs, campaigns, vegan cafes, the HQ of Bad Attitude, the Anarchist Black Cross and others, an Infoshop and print workshop. The eviction is part of a cynical cleaning up process by Lambeth Council that is trying to attract "wealth" to the area, a process that has included the closing of the Atlantic Pub (and subsequent opening of the despicable Dog Star Bar), the ban on public drinking, the closure of libraries and the selling off of council property.

news

without any hope of recovery, what was the most precious materially speaking; Out of the question to make music, to move even to look for work and on top, interdiction to go out.

- "breach of the narcotic legislation": the cops acknowledge that the Voodooz were not dealers, it's the use of resin of green plants that is objected to them, thus the fact that parties are considered as places favourising drug traffic and use (like, is it worth mentioning, concerts, night clubs, cafes, youth clubs, legal raves, students' hostels, etc...).

- "no license to sell drinks": The State, monopolist dealer of legal drug (alcohol), hasn't touched his commission, prosecute pitilessly the indelicates for a few francs that would get away with its control. The big one will always try to eat the small one, it is the law of nature.

- "infringement to the SACEM": 90% of the records are edited by independent labels and are not subject to royalties for diffusion. This is just a pretext to seize the records and obstruct the expression of our music.

- Hum?!! "reiterated sound aggressions":

The first target of the operation has been reached, the Voodooz are now unable to "harm", the final goal being to eradicate the whole of the free-party scene. The pigs hasten to lay it on thick by organising a so-called press conference. What comes out of it is that the current lawsuit is a test for new methods of wrestling against binary delinquency, that will do jurisprudence in future lawsuits relating to free-parties organisation. If it carries on like this, soon there will be only big commercial "parties" left, organised in aseptic places and stinking money (night clubs), 10 pounds at the door, security, dogs forbidden, smart dress code, non smoking areas, with quotas of French songs....., in short the antithesis of the free spirit, independent, friendly, open to everyone et libertarian by excellence, in a few words politically incorrect and disturbing, facing the new dull cultural order that the government would like us to swallow whose apogee is the big industry type borealis, dance machine and other love parades. Incapable to stop the parties, they try to stop our future, do not let them do that; Their machine is running, up to us to organise ours.

-ÖTONÖM-

(translation: Val)



THE BEST DAY OUT

The Group 4 Securitas heraldry on the chicken wire around the compound gave it away: the company supplying the muscle at the Campfield concentration camp for illegal immigrants also takes care of the national Spirit Zone. This confirms what many had suspected: the Millennium Dome is already being filled with Albanian refugees from Kosovo. By December 31 they'll be crushed three deep under the undulating roof, reduced to cannibalism or autophagy for the celebrating citizens' tearful enjoyment.

This use of the space solves a practical problem that's been building up since NATO bombing began, but it also reflects the people's democratic will. The policy decision follows months of polling on the contrast between, on one hand, widespread ambivalence about a huge, hubristic national invitation to exult, and on the other, the emotionally literate public's preferred form of leisure time self-valorization, low-level empathetic suffering.

STATE (OF)
EMERGENCY
Nail Bombs and
Bio-Politics

Military intelligence isn't what it used to be but so what,
Human intelligence isn't what it used to be either

John Cale, Sabotage

On Bank Holiday Monday May 3, jubilant headlines announced the arrest of David Copeland, a 22 year-old engineer from Farnborough, for the nail bombing of Brixton, Brick Lane and Old Compton Street. The best news of all, everyone agreed, was that the murderer had been acting alone.

The 'society of control' might have celebrated a double victory that morning. The first psy-war beach head was captured when the bombs were ascribed to freakish, anomalous forces, the second when special policing demonstrated its power to protect us from these things.

In the week after it went off, the Brixton bomb was attributed by experts to Serbs, Irish, animal liberationists or (blond, white) yardies, anyone but the 'extreme' English right. Cornered a few days later by an angry crowd, an ITN reporter was forced to admit that the media had been ordered 'to play down the race angle in order to avoid a riot'. (1.) The absurdity of these interpretations didn't stop them having the desired effect. Their purpose wasn't so much to be believed as to compound existing panic with confusion, mystery, superstition. The causes of the explosion had to be occult in the literal sense: hidden knowledge, intelligible only to the initiate (in this case, security professionals and fascists themselves). A week later, the second bomb at Brick Lane cancelled any doubt about the racial motive for the attacks. But by this time, the preceding week's fatuities had already done their work: mystery, ambivalence and the resulting practical paralysis were inseparable from the perception of a fascist terror campaign.

Investment of a 'deranged loner' with responsibility for violence attributed by the black, Bengali and gay populations affected to 'right wing' groups wasn't meant to lessen the fear already generated. Nail bombs assembled by embittered amateurs tear organs apart just as effectively as those made by graduates of the Ulster Loyalist training school. But when the danger is portrayed under the sign of the pathological, the 'sick individual', the fear is more insidious, as its source can't be located and shut down. Sickness is a more elusive and resilient enemy than any 'Neo-Nazi' group: fear increases as the confidence to respond is crippled by the conviction that you can't organise against disease.

To a large extent, the pathologisation of fascism develops a decades-old state strategy. At least since the 1930s, there's been little danger in Britain of a fascist seizure of state power of the kind seen in Greece and threatened in Italy in the 1970s. But a powerful minority identifying with an invented 'British nationalist' tradition hasn't ceased to wage low-intensity war on racial and sexual 'impurity' on the streets and within institutions. Thus, constant exposure to the risk of death or mutilation limits the intended victims' practical horizon to self-defence, containing the political problem that black or Asian self-organisa-

tion, for example, might pose otherwise. Not surprisingly then, police protection of fascists is a well-documented historical and contemporary fact.

Yet if the state is more than willing to enjoy these benefits of 'far right' activity, it has for many years also exploited the spectacle of a fascist threat. (2.) The aim isn't to achieve constant surveillance of everyone all the time, but to breed desire for 'protection' among those who might at some time need to be observed.

Linking organised racist violence with 'fascism', at least without careful qualification of the term, shifts the problem from a practical to a moral plane. The words 'fascist' and 'Nazi' don't mean exactly the same thing historically, and what they refer to today is even more ambiguous. But they exert an iron authority over whatever context they appear in, introducing a moral imperative that suspends the rights of criticism. In keeping with the language of European and US social democracy's 'communitarian' Moral Welfare State, the 'fascist' label invokes a principle of Evil, an essence which can't be fully grasped in its physical manifestations. The danger is eternal, thus always already present. Too urgent to permit the luxury of reasoning, it can only be experienced in the abstract passion of fear.

The religious theme of Good and Evil as spiritual forces ruling over history from outside it survives here, lightly secularized.

In the image of fascism as Total Evil, spiritual dualism converges with a vague residual dread of the historical fascist states' total power over public and private life. The rational fear inspired by fascism's capture of the state apparatus in the 1920s and 30s, its brief institutional hegemony, is projected onto today's marginal 'far right' groups, these exemplary 'weak subjects', objects of manipulation by the liberal state. Thus the voice of righteous horror confirms the part-time Nazis' own most cherished hallucination, equating their trivial power with that of national-state war machines. Journalists who evoke fascist state terror to flavour stories about South London cells (or Serbian nationalists) help to liquidate history, wrecking attempts to understand latter-day fascism strategically, especially in relation to modifications of global power in the last 30 years.

When local outbreaks of racist violence are allowed to raise the spectre of Total Evil, policing on a comparable scale seems to be required. Potential targets will to organise autonomous, 'disproportionate' resistance is sapped. The Brixton nail bomb supplied the pretext for the same kind of saturation patrolling that followed the 1995 riot. While the next bomb was being moved from Hanbury Street to Brick Lane, police and media were staging a simulacrum in Brixton, re-enacting their bizarre 'broken-down bus' scenario in order to remind passers-by what a sports bag and a 159 bus look like. Almost a month later, the anti-terrorist 'interview unit' still disfigured the high street. A general feeling of helplessness after the first explosion provoked a wave of public enthusiasm for CCTV, eagerly reported by the South London Press. Perhaps forgetting in the excitement that nail bombs are

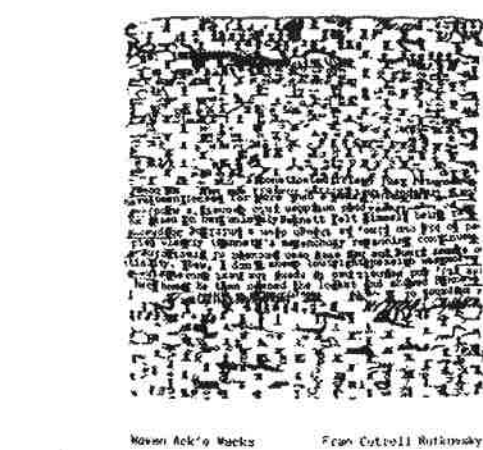
already illegal, professional anti-racists (Lee Jasper/NAAR, the Socialist Workers' Anti Nazi League, etc) called for ideologically obnoxious groups to be banned. Meanwhile, experts of every political shade bayed for a robust flexing of Prevention of Terrorism legislation (3.). The more creative among them devised ways to extend its scope still further. Anyone imagining that these judicial weapons will only be used against white racists should remember that the first person to be tried and jailed under British 'anti-racist' law in the 1960s was black activist Michael X. The story fed to the press about the police 'investigating links' between the 'far right' here and 'French Muslim extremists' (4.) — trying to work out whether Muslims bombed Brick Lane — laid the groundwork for precisely such a utilization of new 'anti-fascist' laws.

Beyond its function as a pretext for extending particular state powers, the sudden reappearance of pure Evil tends to institute a general State of Emergency. The crisis is an Exception (5.) to the processes that determine social life otherwise. Belief in such a mystical force, external to the history it intersects with, discourages the rigorously amoral analysis effective self-defence requires. More generally, the urgent need to end the crisis takes priority over desire for social change, the will to construct history. Emergency time is inhabited passively, by creatures reacting against unforeseen anomalies. Reality must be restored before it can be changed.

The State of Exception set up by the moral rhetoric on 'fascism' is brought up-to-date by the equation of fascist aggression with 'sick' individuality. Of course, naturalizing fascist displays by interpreting them as symptoms is nothing new (6.), but this clinical logic is only now emerging as a decisive paradigm for social control. Police science (Polizeiwissenschaft), writes Agamben, is bio-politics. The sovereign state's absolute right over 'naked' life is no longer exercised through occasional acts of the juridical will, but through the continuous administration of 'health'. 'Medicalization' of conditions formerly experienced either as private or as social (eg. emotions, language, drug use, sexual preferences, car colour) subjects life to an obscure, impenetrable threat of death. 'Biological life' (and those who 'care for' it) become 'the invisible sovereign staring at us behind the dull-witted masks of the powerful, who, whether or not they realize it, govern us in its name'.

Under the sign of illness, fascism always appears as an anomaly in relation to the social body it lives on, a temporary irruption (albeit forever renewed) measuring the 'body's' alienation from its proper state. The contrast between the fascist disease and the normal working of the healthy social order absolves the latter of responsibility for the spread of the disease. As sickness or as Evil, fascism is presumed to come from outside history. The separation of the pathological anomaly from dominant historical forces associates it with 'marginality' in general, implicitly stigmatizing other minority phenomena.

Yet the 'marginal' status of fascist pathology doesn't lessen its ability to create fear. If anything, alarm increases in the face of an unseen enemy, an indefinite, unanswerable threat. (Both the nail bombers and Surrey Untermenschen 'White Lightning' recognise this principle in their preference for furtive strikes and quick retreats over public meetings, marches and stoically endured beatings). Unlike right-wing groups and parties



Steven Ack's Wacks Fear Cuttoll's Rhythms

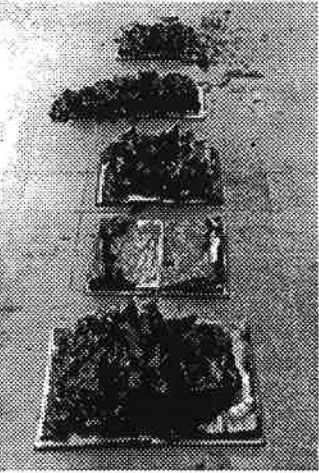
fluxus, mail art and l=a=n=g=u=a=g=e. In keeping with such antecedents the 'poetry' on offer here not only dispenses with narrative and the usual syntactical modelisations, but in many cases seems to be allowing language to flow to the degree that it makes common experiences delirious and unstable. Just as the graphic poems subvert our expectation of how words should appear on the page (and they appear as an overlaid 'weaving' of words, as comics, as graffiti, as unshapely blocks, as glyphs, as doodles and sketches...) so too the 'meaning' of these poems arrives more in the guise of evocations and as examples of 'writing-away' from what is immediately knowable. Poem as text. In this way Loose Watch profiles a use of words as tools in a process of de-specialisation: words are here the accompaniments of daily activity that are shaped into loose structures and accessible forms that, being 'open' in proportion to our desire to 'enter' them, tend towards auto-transformations. Such reader-centric work as is collected here, reflected in the many collaborative poems, seems to re-sign the death-certificate of the entity known as 'poet': we are not asked to align ourselves to a projected and publicised subjectivity, a persona, but, as readers, we are offered a chance to experiment with our own various personae. Such is the network of activity, the "productive area of engagement", that gave rise to this anthology. To de-narrate yourself send a tenner or cheque to Invisible Books, BM Invisible, London WC1N 3XX.

Break/Flow

After a long wait the second printed edition of Break/Flow is out. Following on from the first Break/Flow magazine, and from last years excellent 12"EP compilation (with the author's collaborations with Adverse, Praxis and Unearthly, as well as tracks by Christoph de Babalon and a blast from the past from / homage to Eric Random. Now re-incarnated in print form and collecting essays and texts by Howard Slater from 97-99, (only a couple of which had been previously published in Autotcity), this edition is almost a book. Despite the disparate subject matter a kind of narrative unfolds tracing the "fore-taste of freedom in those unpunged communications that music and literature make tangible", starting with *Evacuate the Leftist Bunker*, then collecting his pieces on Kafka and Factory Records, Marcel Proust and music, *Abreaction - Notes on the Unconscious and Music*, and concluded by *Burnt Money Weekend*. This is Howard's first serious collection of writings and a must for data-cide readers (especially since there's no reprints from datacide here). This is heavy reading, but always rewarding. Send £3 to 89 Vernon Rd., Stratford, London E15 4DQ

Loose Watch: a
Lost And Found
Times anthology
[Invisible Books]

An excellent compendium of poetry drawn from the Ohio based magazine Lost And Found Times that neatly presents over twenty years of international writing activity in a well designed journal sized book. What is immediately enticing is the way that the editors have chosen to present much of the material in its original format and so we have a play of type-face, handwriting, graphics and word collages that locate this 'poetry' as a developing off-shoot of



2 W o i v o y

Wreckers of Civilisation: The Story of
COUM Transmissions & Throbbing Gristle
by Simon Ford
(Black Dog Publishing, London 1999,
£19.95)

By focusing on a performance art troop that metamorphosed into a rock group, Simon Ford has produced a book that illuminates the political economy of UK cultural production during the 1970's. This was a time when there was cheap housing plus plentiful arts grants and welfare benefits. Perfect conditions in which cultural experimentation could flourish as well as a lot of art wank that was pushed by those responsible as cutting edge work. Far more than the other members of COUM and TG, motor mouthed front man Genesis P.Orridge exemplifies the commendable excesses of this era. While P.Orridge's collaborators had day jobs and identifiable talents, Genesis lived out his fantasies of bohemian dissolution as a life-style option and non-stop fashion statement. This entailed the proto-slacker presenting himself as a starving artist in order to get grants, as well as making judicious use of that alternative arts funding scheme known as the dole.

The story of COUM and TG is well known. What Ford has done is flesh it out using material from contemporary newspapers and his own interviews with those involved. P.Orridge in particular has a flair for self-dramatisation and Ford doesn't waste time attempting to disentangle fact from fiction. Instead when stories conflict alternative versions of events are disinterestedly offered with the reader left free to choose the mythologisation they prefer. Having decided upon his modus operandi, Ford's rigor in sticking to it is admirable even if his method occasionally undermines the hyper-implosive effects he might have achieved with a more pragmatic approach. For example, P.Orridge appear to have inflated the sales figures for various records but Ford resists the amusements to be had from checking them against other sources and instead restricts himself to placing the euphemism "accurate estimate" in quote marks. Likewise by doing more to draw out the unreliability of .Orridge's recollections, Ford might have portrayed this maverick cultural broker as a paradigmatic example of the decentred post-modern subject.

While Ford knows his art history, he's set out to produce a rock biography and intransigently refuses to allow cultural theory to intrude on his narrative. P.Orridge specialised in appropriating ideas and Ford provides very succinct contextualisation for this material. That said, there is enough background data to demonstrate that COUM were both less amusing and less inventive than their performance art peers such as Ddart or the Kipper Kids. Likewise TG's music was competent but extremely derivative. However, while COUM recycled motifs within the art world, TG watered down and repackaged cutting edge experimentation for the rock market. Documenting how TG did this necessitates the reproduction of promotional graphics and *Wreckers of Civilisation* is generously illustrated. Hardcore TG fans will probably be disappointed by the restraint exercised over the use of pictures of Cosey Fanni Tutti with her "tits out". Nevertheless, Ford does cover Tutti's "subliminal performance art" that entailed working as a pornographic model and stripper. This was an intriguing project and Ford is one of the first commentators to come anywhere close to doing it justice.

Wreckers of Civilisation is a well designed and thoroughly researched document. Fans of P.Orridge will consume the book as "information" rather than "entertainment". However, there are many ways in which this text can be read and I have already encountered individuals gleefully consuming it as an obituary of industrial culture in general and Genesis P. in particular. Rather than openly criticising his subject, Ford self-consciously mimics it and this might well be a way of subverting conformist "extremism" through irony. A subtle strategy indeed. Is this satire instrumentalised as depletion but simultaneously overflowing itself? Read *Wreckers of Civilisation* and work it out for yourself.

Stewart Home

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GOING ROUND ON THE MERRY-GO ROUND

Cobra Killer 'live' at The
Aquarium - 25.3.99

I was looking forward to this gig after enjoying the sonic subversion of Cobra Killer's record and my subsequent discovery that the creators of this 'fucked up noise' were women. There's not enough women in music, especially in the more extreme realms, so I was keen to go along and watch the girls kick ass.

The live action experienced was less music and more a confusing performance. Cobra killer members, Gina and Annika shouted over a DAT of stuff off the album. For a review of the music, check a review their album and add extra yelling. With the initial excitement was lost, and boring replication ensued. But on with the show...

"Sexy stunna Gina's petulant poses were pure professionalism. Sporting white fishnet stockings and a tiny black dress which, boys, I can tell you left just as little to the imagination! The other half of this delectable duo Annika, was resplendent in a figure hugging short black suit which revealed a not occasional flash of her stocking tops. The sultry singer certainly swung her stuff we she demonstrated her masterful control of the hula-hoop. Phwoar!"

Barely touching the equipment during the whole performance, cobra killer paraded around the stage preferring to act out the tired role of lead singer. It's nothing new for women to be the pretty faces 'fronting' bands, so why replicate this dubious tradition? Though they're a bit louder than the spice girls, the cobra cuties appear to be doing similarly little for the empowerment of women. Like their chart topping counterparts they appear to have chosen the easy path, acting out the sad stereotypes that have dogged women in music for so long.

Instead of challenging these limiting perceptions, the only thing that they destroyed was my expectations that I was going to witness clued-up women storming and taking control of the traditionally 'male' areas of music like its technical production. It was the music that made me buy the record and what I would have liked to encounter live.

I've nothing against women, or indeed men, using their sexuality, but it's a powerful weapon that must hit the right targets if its not going to replicate repressive histories. Very little separated this performance from a bikini clad girl on a flier selling a house and garage night... or a car... or herself.

If cobra killer were really ridiculing the limiting traditional male perceptions of female sexuality and creativity, they should have made it clearer. Women have been pushed onto platforms to be ogled for many years and this is the sorry backdrop that any women on a stage stands before today. However, women in the public gaze are also in a powerful position to change the damaging image of women as bimbos whose motivations and skills can never transcend basic sexual allure. Cobra killer had this chance, and girl they blew it.

Autaxik J

p r i n t

FLESH MACHINE Critical Art Ensemble Autonomea, 1998



rience and the role of health administration.

The book begins by denouncing the dead end of 'virtual' utopias, then moves on to an equally welcome argument against the nihilistic tendency to set up 'nature' as a paradigm for explaining social, historical phenomena.



map allowing the still incurable Alzheimer's disease to be detected 10 years early is of value only to the future victim's insurer and employer. Collecting this kind of information is an overlooked function of random drug tests on employees.

Unfortunately, CAE's sharp observations are often held together by weak concepts. Cases are effectively isolated by a simplistic image of causality that survives any number of references to Nietzsche, Althusser and Baudrillard. This inclination is most evident in a syntax recalling the quantitative, neologism-laden language of empirical science or business reports.

Medical practices have consistently been

Read Me!

Massive anthology weighing in at 565 pages compiling a wealth of material from the Nettime mailing list around 100 contributions in sections 'Software', 'Markets', 'Work', 'Art', 'Local', 'Neighbors', 'Sound' (including a shortened 'Post Media Operators' by Howard Slater - see datacide two), 'Subjects', 'Maze' and 'Virus'. Edited by Josephine Bosma, Pauline van Mourik Broekman, Ted Byfield, Matthew Fuller, Geert Lovink, Diana McCarty, Pit Schultz, Felix Stalder, McKenzie Wark, snf Fsih Wilding. As promised it is a "High Density Content Zone", in which you'll find a wealth of useful, surprising and revealing data and discussion, and thankfully a very low ratio of cybergibberish, generally the demand of the title Read Me! should be taken up. Published by Autonomea, the book should be available in good stores or from Counter Productions. You can also check the web site: <http://www.nettime.org> where you can find even more material!

less successful, when compared to their counterparts, in insuring the continuance of a given regime of state power, we read in Chapter 3. Unlike the war machine and the sight machine, which have accomplished their supreme tasks...the flesh machine has utterly failed to concretize its imagined world of global eugenics.

At this point, the teleological limit of CAE's insight is abruptly exposed. An early footnote apologises for 'vague terminology', the necessary use of abstractions to avoid wrongly attributing subjects and objects to complex series of events. But historical phenomena are described exactly as if they were the result of someone's explicit plan to achieve particular ends. The only thing missing is the names of the conspirators, replaced with terms like 'power vectors'. (1.) Failure to shake off teleological thinking undermines what has always been CAE's greatest conceptual strength: their attention to 'nomadic power' as an effect that can't be reduced to an instrument deliberately wielded by self-conscious 'oppressors'. In fact this advantage is abandoned (along with their admirable work on 'technologies of uselessness' and American sacrifice) from the first pages of *Flesh Machine*, when 'increased rationalization' is identified as the essence of 'pancapitalism', with respectful thanks to Max Weber.

Thus, the highly entertaining chapter on pharmacology reiterates the crucial point (already stated in the essay on addiction in *Electronic Civil Disobedience*) that 'health' is an endlessly receding goal, pursuit of which amounts to voluntary servitude. But the 'purpose' of the *Flesh Machine* has already been identified as the establishment of 'global eugenics': the pharmaceutical industry is only 'buying time' while its masters plan this final coup. As the aim of 'the new eugenic consciousness' is presumed to be the production of a kind of obedience appropriate to a militarized, Fordist model of industry, drugs must be intended to 'neutralize' or 'stabilize' intrinsically subversive emotions. Thus the question of the spectacular production of emotion and the effect of obligatory self-expression is avoided altogether.

Insistence on 'global eugenics' as its ultimate model keeps CAE from recognising the 'flesh machine' at work in factories, armies, hospitals and schools since the 17th century. As a consequence, although they raise it implicitly, they can't address the 'machine's' changing role in the transition from 'the societies of discipline to the societies of control'.

Matthew Hyland

(1.) Confusion is sadly evident in the misuse of Deleuze and Guattari's term 'machinic', which describes disjunctive encounters between material flows without reference to organic wholes or subjective intentions, as an equivalent of 'mechanistic', which merely suggests that something can be understood through the vague analogy of a machine.

page 28

which have to draw attention to themselves in order to survive, the mythic loner with his rustic arsenal is completely immune from infiltration, slipping anonymously through surveillance. The legendary unpredictability of the Viet Cong is the loner's authentic property: his idiosyncratic moves defy rational anticipation.

Whether a person like this actually exists hardly matters; logically the risk can never be eliminated. But the idea of the armed, self-alienated fascist recluse introduces a potentially unlimited threat not only to people's imagination but also their experience of everyday life. Nowhere is not contaminated by the unseen killer's virtual presence. The State of Emergency is permanent: it could always be too late to escape a trap already laid.

The 'pathological' image of fascism implies its potential penetration not only of all public and private space, but also of bodies (and souls, for those who insist on the distinction) on a molecular level. In *Paradise Lost* John Milton imagined Satan achieving the subtlety of a vapour. Today

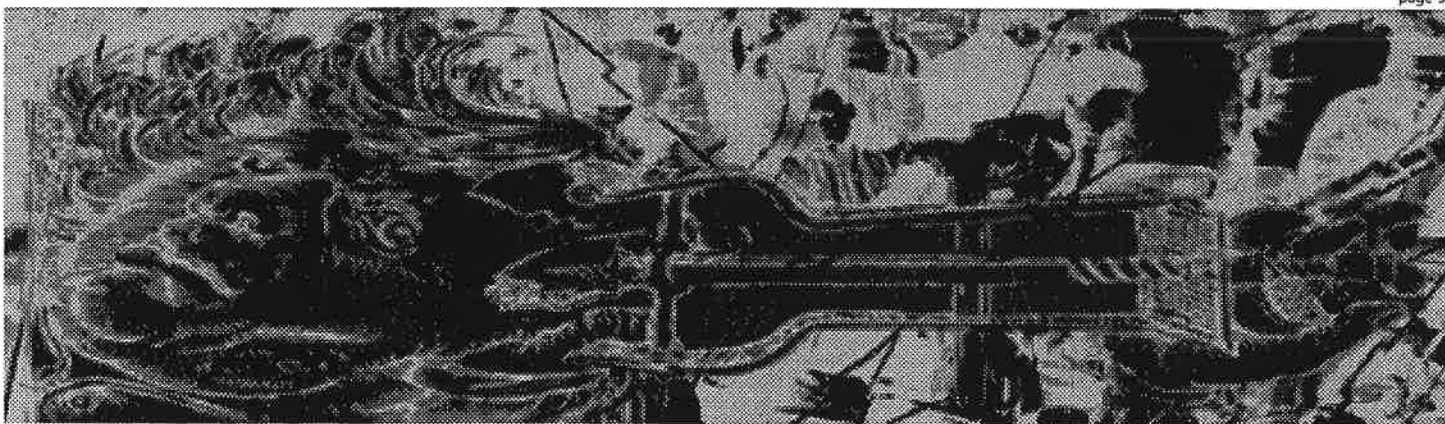
we're expected to accept that particles of the fascist cloud lurk undetected in the depths of our own desire.

Matthew Hyland



(1.) Just how much was staked on the unlikely 'deranged loner' hypothesis was revealed late in May, when the Mirror broke ranks and printed a photo of Copeland with BNP leader John Tyndall. The following day not one

other paper had taken up the sensational story. (2.) In most other European countries the question of direct state involvement in the bombings would immediately have been raised. Such complicity is difficult to prove or rule out in this case: what would have been the ends of a conspiracy have been achieved regardless of whether one actually existed or not. British security services and right wing groups seem to enjoy a reversible relationship of infiltration and recruitment: Combat 18 leader Charlie Sargent was an informer before his conviction for the murder of his deputy; meanwhile, C18 members serve in 'elite' army units. The paradoxical situation of right-wing groups acting outside the nation-state's laws in the name of



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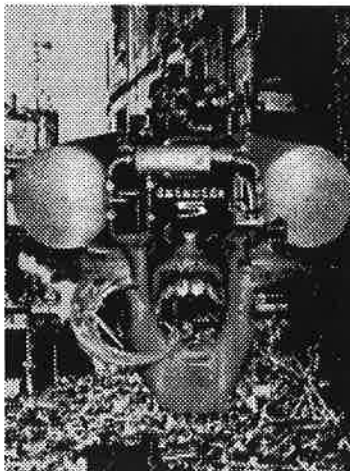
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with this issue we change, for the first time, the cover price due to the extended format and increased printing cost; at parties and directly from us and most underground dealers the price will remain one pound for the time being, through most shops it will have increased to 1.50. subscriptions remain the same until next issue.



datacide five

introduction
features: Christoph Fringeli: Information War, Terror and Cultural Subversion; Howard Slater: Autotraumatisation - On the Movies of John Carpenter; Scud: Expect to be Exposed to Murder at Any Time; Bomb Graffiti; Prevention of Terrorism? by CF; Christoph Fringeli: Noise, Politics and the Media music: The Homewrecker Foundation: Sex is Vinyl; Flint Michigan: Winter of Discontent - The Pop Group
News, record & print reviews, charts

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CRIMINAL MINDED

cruising the metro on premium petrol At a school, pretty much all of the kids came in one day having watched the same documentary the night before on telly. They are all twitching and swearing, all through the day. Whenever they can. The programme was about a boy with Tourette's syndrome. Images of conditions such as Tourette's gain an independent existence which often end up providing people with some interesting techniques. In the middle of a supermarket you could call a tin of baked beans a cunt.

from crack-whore to president Objections to Gangsta rap were often made on the basis of data collected in 1991 through Soundscan, a computer system which records the demographics of people buying records in the US. This survey showed that the major audience for gangsta rap was white suburban middle class males. The survey showed that white suburban middle class males were also the biggest purchasers of grunge, dance and metal. The survey did not show that Soundscan computer systems are mainly installed across middle America, specifically in mainstream record stores and record stores located in suburban shopping malls.

police van covered in blood Criminal mindedness forms itself along the lines of sensibility transfer: a seam of interlocking perspectives that repel, dither, and combine as a repository of micro-techniques in realisation. Watching, arranging, guessing, making gestures. Standing around waiting for something to happen more often than actually making one thing move to somewhere else. For the search devices of a multitude of capitalisms and anti-capitalisms, it forms a grey area of R&D within which to operate. Crime is formulated as transgression of the law, or of law. In the first case it is

criminal minded

defined by the boundaries and ambitions of a bureaucratic schema; in the second, produced in the horrific ablation of the just. The schema of the law is constructed in order that citizens may turn their backs on horror. Understanding this, De Sade - through verbal violence - turned the compositional technique of law into a motor of horror. Criminality as sensibility, cannot easily develop an archive. It cannot found itself on statutes or the centuries old accretion of judgements. As far as it is systematic, of itself, it is nervous. It lives in, or within the smell of, horror. When attempts are made to specify these micro-techniques, and to capture them into a new counter-schema - as for instance in the case of *Steal This Book* by the Yippie Abbie Hoffman where the specifics of shoplifting, scamming, free circulation were subject to grandiose public definition and thus sealed up - they cease to operate, or effectively become traps for the unwary.

stitched-up Inside a metal and plate glass display cabinet on a wall in Waterloo rail station: deluxe luggage tag; pocket torch; worldwide travel plug; travel clock; mini combination padlock; mini key padlock; 'Body Bank' de-luxe neck wallet organiser (female model); 'The Insider' pick pocket-proof travel pouch attached by loops to belt and folded inside trousers (male model); 'Inflator' travel cushion; 'Snoozer' yoke style inflatable cushion; 'Fold-a-flight', fold-away shoulder bag; mini umbrella; 'Fold-a-case' foldaway overnight case. Here, on display at last, are the devices with which to gain the security of self and property; to ensure the wise traveller's bodily comfort and connection to the grids of power and time. Gadgets attempt to induce a relationship of transcendence, and in the form of this display case, pose a question. What combination, number or variety of these devices is optimal: would provide the traveller with unperturbed movement in any context; or would enable the

savouring of the maximum of divergent or perplexing sensations whilst maintaining the requisite happy cohesion?

quick-cuffs, pager, mag-lite, handcuffs, baton, walkie-talkie The best way to involve someone in a fraud is to initiate them by what they consider to be a minor illegality.

Shopping Strategies: End of Season League Positions 1. conspicuous non-consumption as badge of moral superiority 2. looking good in the face of capital bootleg accessorisation 3. false consciousness 4. wilful semiotic contamination as act of solidarity

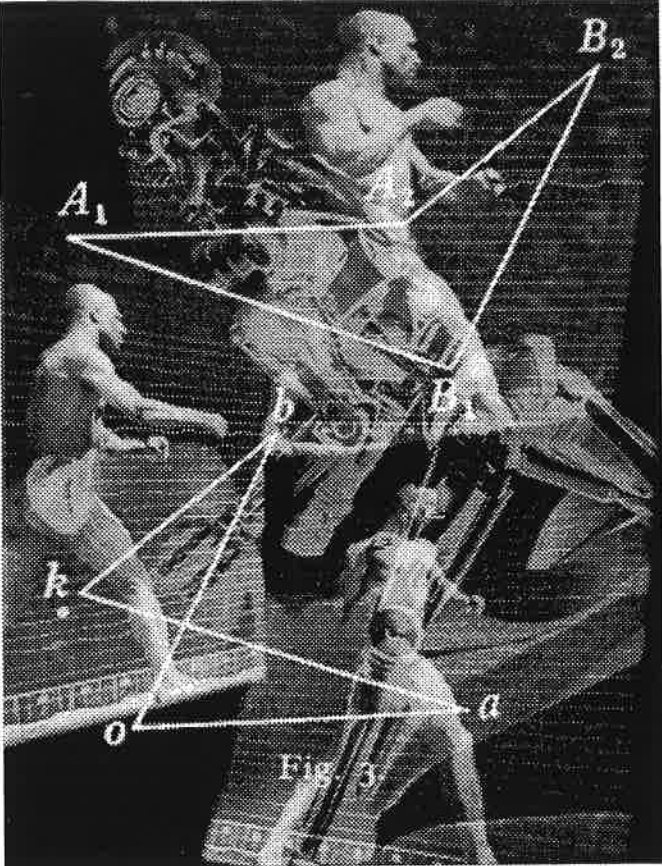
Portable Stoppages A CID cop, buying his clothes in BHS. Anything will do. He may be seen attentively to assume soft, sporty, casual attire. His purchases are strictly neutral. They must be made. The humanity outside never stops begging for his marks of attention. Movement on the street and amongst the clothes racks wheedles for the one safe and understandable response from him. He must obtain these clothes in order to pass amongst them; to countervail the tumult of responses that their bodies will press against him. He must liquidate their authority over his senses. Even peripheral involvement with these human suckholes is of the most draining horror in their demand for the humiliation and punishment that only he is able to bring down upon them. As he runs his fingers into the pockets of a navy blouson jacket, checking the size of the pockets, he remembers his Father reading out loud to the family. "It is a peculiar sensation, this double-consciousness, this sense of always looking at one's self through the eyes of others, of measuring one's soul by the tape of a world

machine. The machine consists of two parts: a finite set of operating rules, built somehow into the works and unchangeable during operation, and a tape of unlimited length, upon which changeable information can be stored. The tape is divided up into cells. They may each contain only one symbol. There is a marker to dictate which cell is being inspected at any given moment. The tape holds the information that the machine is to process. The machine knows no compunction, no remorse, no guilt. It stutters signs of equivocation only when nothing is running through it; when nothing is happening. Events piling up of their own accord. There is something insane about the momentum with which the marker slides now back and now down. The machine is sequential: it operates by activating one rule at a time, performing the actions prescribed by that rule, and then activating another. What had taken ages to build was demolished at a touch. Everything crumbled in the twinkling of an eye, rewritten. If the machine chooses to write any output it must do so somewhere on the same tape. It may write over input information. The number of cells growing is without limit. Before and after each operation the machine enters a state. The machine only knows two things: its current state and the current cell pointed to. This is all it needs. When it gets into a state the current cell begins to grow. It forms another - anywhere along the tape. Thick white flesh string of knots. Covered in a sheath of mucus. Never exposed to sunlight. It just grows, just records, devours time. Coils piling up. Kills time. Operation after operation. Kills thought. Growth upon growth. in-car ocean Two men from a large organisation are assigned to transport an object from one section to another. The journey is hundreds of

miles. They use a special white transit van normally used to transport prisoners. Moving this thing is a secret. It is obvious that the object is some sort of security risk and that completing the task will stretch their capabilities to their limits. One of the men is older, disciplinary, intolerant. The other is younger, involved in misappropriation of the organisation's resources. He is shortly to leave and start up a new life. He will sit on top of a bank account made up of secret shavings from thousands of the organisation's transactions. Smiling into an overdraft. This thing that he was forced to do mustn't get in the way of his plans. Throughout the journey it is unclear quite what the object is. At one time it breaks loose from the van and they panic, but it is recaptured. It appears seductive, profitable, homicidal. The men are not sure how to deal with the situation. They drive through the edges of the city, the suburbs. At a petrol station they stop and fill up. At the petrol station an incident occurs which nearly compromises - which means to destroy but politely - the security of the operation. Because there are two men and only one object they are able to outnumber it and catch it by pretending to be two different people. By working together in their different ways to catch the object the men are able to change their understanding of each other. The object seems to be organic. During one of the stops one or the other of the men attempts to discover what it is. The documentation that they carry only attends to who is responsible for every aspect of the security and care of the object at any given moment. At the moment they are responsible. They have hundreds of miles to travel before passing it over to the next organisation. One of the men feels around the object with his fingers. It is full of holes. During one stop the other man is asleep. He, the younger man, takes the object out of its

Pmture Rush E.P.-Last Tomorrow Rec 9901 The Last Tomorrow present the third installment of their series relating the past,present and phuture according to their twisted rave ideology.We witness the bungled forcpes delivery of Kenny Kramp and his unspeakable collusion with the Facehooover on the pounding title track.This is followed by F-Hoovers bastardisation of 199s Anastasia', 'Anaesthesia'. Side B kicks off with the grinding trip of 'Tunnel'K by the Tin Plate Terrorists:a claustrophobic slice of the darkest techno,driven by sadistic claps and dentists surgery atmospherics.The final track presents the second part of the 'Exit Earth' cycle by Fallen Angel,a sinister sprawling dirge,which has not the slightest gleam of light to illuminate its grim voyage toward Global Collapse... Eun Technical, Itch 022 Headlock Tech. Itch consistantly produce good tracks in various styles on many labels but some of the most uncompromising material still comes out on the own imprint, this one being no exception. A side is chilled and understated with narcotic piano drifting among acid basslines a bit like a Dope Dragon track with more attack. AA is much more metallic and bass heavy and preferable to the other heavyweight Tech Itch tracks on Moving Shadow and Audio Couture. bf Mir 'n' Blen 006 Subject 13 Jam the Mace/Reservoir Dogs Kenny Ken's label is always worth checking and the 'Jam' track does the business with a spare tense break built up and broken down with some suspense. Even the snatches of sound from Star Wars can be forgiven here. 'Reservoir dogs' literally does sound like a free party in Hackney so you have been warned. bf Renegade Hardware 019 Konflikt Roadblock' Much in the same vein as the moodier tracks on the previous Hardware release and although not immediately remarkable, it does bear some listening to and has a place among the Hardware / Virus sound around right now. bf Source Direct Exercise the Demons Anything by Source Direct is always appreciated and although all the tracks on this album are worthy, the fact that more than half of them have already been released somewhat dampens the effect. Delinitely a case of a major dealing with a package that it doesn't understand. Better to buy the 12" releases and have decent sound quality that music this complex and dense requires. bf Metro 005 Serum / New York More Virus sounds courtesy of Dom, Fierce and Optical with 'New York' being the rougher track thanks to Dom. It starts off sounding like a rusty gate and develops into a night old bass distortion exercise with suitably heavy slashing breaks. 'Serum' is more of a roller but only just. bf Blackjack 003 Hyde Sign / Sphere What the fuck's going on in Norway? In the wake of TeeBee comes Hyde producing a killer tracks that sound huge and crystal clear. 'Sign' is fast, furious and very confident, a bit like Ed Rush only stronger and harder. The flip side is apparently more laid back but compensates for the slackening in pace by overloading the bass which is of course commendable. bf Audio Couture 025 TeeBee Oblivion/Instant Translocation Monstrous release on Moving

Shadow's harder off-shoot with 'Instant' being the five minutes to suffer here. As a DJ, TeeBee is playing some of the hardest tracks around at the minute and his set is the closest thing to broken hard-step around at the minute. Check out the double pack on Juice Records for more Scandinavian spasms. bf Bad Company 001 The Nine/The Bridge Maldini of Future Forces is partly responsible for 'the Nine' which is one of the most thundering tracks around at the moment and I think the very least you can do is drop a 'Regga 7" over it to show your appreciation. Possible examples to follow.... bf Olives Records Chuckleberry Wi Nu Cater Olives Records 1999 The Screamer Two sets of lyrics here to the same track and these guys aren't waiting around. Trashy synths and drums in a hurry are soon demolished by vocals so deep and thick that you will never recover. border fax Trace:"Cells" (remix), 'Caves', No U Turn. The loop apparently the same throughout and yet almost invisible tweakings, additions and subtractions load the spiralling chain, the auditory equivalent of a centrifuge. The entire track runs like an experiment, uncompromising and single minded. 'Caves': dry kick and metal fill underpin sonorous synth and bass, the atmosphere is subterranean, yet spacious, the ideal soundtrack for the long tunnels to the core in 'Halllife'. Mechos Trace:"Sniper"/'Azure", DSG14. Trace's own label. The distorted burrowing bass pushes this along over the metal fragments, deep kick. It drives hard and is perfectly crafted. 'Azure' is exactly that. The ethereal theme sounds like filtered guitar overlaying the rounded bass line. Mechos Outfit Side 1 Optical & Fierce / Serum Side 2 Fierce & Dom /New York Metro 005. The voice sample from Andromeda Strain introduces the theme a hard stepping work out that builds with growling synth that works up to a plateau and stays there. 'New York' opens with foreboding and the voice introducing New York opens a momentum of urban transit with distorted synth which could have had more exposure and the track settles down to the transit theme which is atmospheric without any more surprises. Mechos



dishes we make our way south. i let folsom ride flame and psych into the cyclop of his tail light. wearing our mazaruka speaker-lined jackets we race a northern express. bastards, f1 scooters cutting a convoluted route compiled by the tipping of trucks by police agents*8. the sun was now setting as we neared beachy head. destination and arrival. first things first, j. pulled out his snakeskin travelcased perculator (circa '22) brewed up then poured the dense over snow. fueled. compass checks and folsom's uncanny spatial awareness with me yelling left-abit's & right-abit's into swirls of flakes we zero in. big changes since v's day getting closer to the edge all the time. here? here. jackson out with a stiletto and goodfellas away at the frozen surface. sun almost down and the halfmoon already in place and intensifying and looking like it'd been credit-card'd. behind us 2m crash into the sea. get on with it. hit tin and there it is a tin box with the v.h.s crest. inventory: a sav row emerald sharkskin zoot suit, a pair of church's bookbinders, an engagement ring, a signed photo from when he was known as bruce lee, and finally a poison ring with a note attached 'read me'. a warning pertaining to its contents strength and properties*9. his enamel crest again was on the lid of the ring. it sparkled. it shone. i know. i know. even as it happened jacksons hand was lashing out to control but the nervous reaction was beyond me. i opened it! it was opened and the contents swirled up and into folsam&jacksons subconsciously agog'd mouths. the empty ring fell. it click clacked as it hit the petrified ground. it dit-da'd into the hole, da-dit-daa. a code to which we reamed out the equivalent zero's and one's then competed with the beckoning light-house, entwining code and speeding up pressure grounds as the epicentere approached. malfunction.

*1 zenamide'tm butech laboratories&sforzatrope product: administered intravenously to bemuse/horify the h.i. virus into submission or self immolation. *2 a couple of tortured furbies who's only audio input was j's noise craft. the idea being they'd be good for live gigs once a decent vocabulary of noise had been developed. intended first appearance during the solar eclipse and their millennium act will not be impeded by blackout. *3 9/9/99 n. mandela bust redressed to represent a black&white minstrel, southbank, london (unrelated to bomb attacks) *4 victor herbert step, our uncle died 21/8/99. v. created an antidote for the markov 'a' virus. well really he coerced addiction to vacuum atmospheres which would eventually result in implosion of said atmosphere (leaving rather shocked terminal users), self interest though: he was using an overlooked megafame to number crunch for some upcoming project and as the m.a. threatened to dissolve 4yrs worth he took action and groomed its behaviour. this counter-effect spread wide enough to be noticed, next thing a mysterious job interview came up where he was pried with tea&biscuits. soon afterwards he contracted a rare disease only ever seen before in young women and never in aging males. proof or responsibility has never been qualified. note:annoyingly this date is usually remembered for the plane carnage which included the 777 that thought it was over india but actually k2 became its final resting place. 235 souls lost and the dalai lama.) *5 style of boot designed in collaboration with b.i. for optimum take-off (see datacide3) their mainfeature being the mahogany soles for magnified vibrational access with added feature of signed address/signature reprint. *6 jackson's E.s.d windfall achieved from his expose of the white suits at totp's child kidnapping and porno ring *7 the v.h.s legacy, not sure whether its loot, plans to his revolving house or plans for of another chemical structure *8 a conspiracy unveiled by the jackal: road carnage orchestrated to give the police credible presence and qualify their numbers *9 originally devised as a truth serum variant to be used on whales due to m15 suspicions that they were infact aliens, here to use the ocean as an omnicomputer (a theory disqualifed by sforzatrope research which suggests initial emigration was achieved by octopods), sideeffects of the drug included disorientation and chronic depression.

proves more abstract, somewhat harder to get to grips with. Consistent is Laurent Hô's very cold and digital production, on this release a real bass range of frequencies is almost entirely missing which adds to the distinctively un-funky feel. These seemingly negative elements however I always regarded as Hô's strength as well; arrangements are carefully worked on and chronic repetition collides with lots of little edits, energies of architectural stasis with those of human movement. At the same time this record - and, again, I would insist that that's one of its positive qualities - seems to exemplify a certain crisis in hardcore, it seems to agree with me that it is no longer possible to make good hardcore records in the same

way as a couple of years ago. Ingler is searching a way out in editing of microdynamisms. Four full tracks and to finish each side a short noise piece that ends in a locked groove. CF

RPG-7 (RPG-7)

This was circulating (if that's the right word) as a white label 150 press run back in '95 and achieved a certain status, a three tracker with GTI, LKJ Sisters and Liza N.Eliaz in various combinations in what at the time was enormously fast modes of speedcore. In fact RPG-7 was to be the 'break-core' outlet for the Toons cru producing some of the most advanced shit at the time, pillaging the CD comps of

Western culture for some new formula of re-cut resistance. Why this 250 BPM fest was never released before I don't know, it is even now a nice record after so many imitators without the contents/concepts have somewhat spoiled the fun. GTI was a collective of about 15 (actual) teenagers that has since broken up and fragmented, but produced 2 LP's and 4 EP's (the last one - GTI 6 - never released), plus this one, a special moment in hardcore history... CF

Lobotom

7 short-ish tracks and a welcome addition to the bmr catalogue of sonic disturbances, lobotom's tracks are generally fairly minimal percus-

sion and noise. This is hardly "dance music" and I'm kind of grateful - some moments of simulation of certain forms, but no failed attempt at funk; sonic architectural mishaps instead! 500 bpm sleepwalking on a tightrope just before the thunderstorm. CF

UHT

QBE for the masses

Go straight to side B > absolutely brilliant opening track with EPMD (?) sample, cut up hip hop with dangerous fucked up breaks, echoes - oh my gosh! - at last an inspired moment! I really don't know what came over him on the following two tracks. Exorcising the (spiral) demons? As awesome the first release make way for a straighter style of speedcore which lacks the intensity that one would hope for in 200bpm plus music. Unfocused noise and a lack of substance dilutes this into a monotone succession of amiga kicks which only generate boredom rather than the catharsis by velocity the producers think they are creating. Speed alone is not enough these days. Eun

DJ Freak vs. Senical trackless #3

Split EP with predictable but satisfying results if you want to hear the two outdistorting each other on 2 tracks each. The best track is Freak's 'The Extremist' as it's based on a weird loop rather than a straight 4/4 beat. The concept of mega-distortion that's been used is a cul de sac though: definition, punch and arrangement fall by the wayside drowned by the distorted high mid frequencies, that gloss over that there's not that much else happening. CF

Noise Creator Heat

(Active Underground 2) The second release on Noise Creators 10" label that out of some absurd impulse I tempted to call his speed garage imprint. Of course this would miss the pint almost completely. These are raw and eclectic tracks produced with a dancefloor in mind that doesn't really exist right now - unfortunately. Nice filmic broken beat house (?) ruff (due to the Amiga production maybe lacking a little bit of depth), but produced with attention to detail. CF

Explore Toi 25

In my ears the best ET release in a while, while not offering anything fundamentally new, there is a tighter control on the proceedings, less jamming than the last batch and less monochrome than the Cyberrinds stuff. It repeats a mysterious feature to press almost identical tracks twice (out of the five tracks two are 'doppelgänger'). A furious broken beat nightmare is opening the EP; beat-sniping from all directions! Nicely extreme, and worth getting the white label only / ltd to 300 copies edition. After the 'shadow-track' of the first one we find a more 4/4 oriented B-side, the first track (and therefore the 2nd) being in a more ET typical speedcore vein, while the final piece is slower and more noisy. CF

Parallax-Dark Projects (Zodiac Commune)

This 5 track clear vinyl 12" is a bit of a mixed bag - consisting of two electro acid broken up tracks in a sort of Nature/late Lory D style, complimented by an f.x. saturated, 4/4 techno tune which rolls out smoothly with murky percussion and psycho-string synths, blowing away the other two sub Strobe Jams efforts which complete the E.P. Not an amazing record but encouragingly broad in scope in these times of techno famine. Eun

FU Black 9 (Roots)

Two fat tracks from the up and coming Roots show what damage can be

done with the simplest of techniques. Both tunes use stuttering cut ups of stepping breaks and amen edits interwoven with deep synth waves and clipped punchy bass lines to build into firing roll outs which drop just when the dancefloor needs them to. No U-turn continue to develop and progress drum and bass on their own terms without jumping on the latest style or trend (even if they aren't half as dark as they think they are). Eun

N.K.J.E. (H.I.V. 3)

These four trax are disappointing really when compared to previous N.K.J.E. releases. The effective pure noise/kick experiments on the Sans Pitte releases make way for a straighter style of speedcore which lacks the intensity that one would hope for in 200bpm plus music. Unfocused noise and a lack of substance dilutes this into a monotone succession of amiga kicks which only generate boredom rather than the catharsis by velocity the producers think they are creating. Speed alone is not enough these days. Eun

Joshua (Striking Wave)

Following on from the two impressive tracks (with Karyanne) on the Explicit Bass Drum 2 compilation, this four tracker is released on K.S. records from France. Dark minimal hardness reigns throughout the E.P. which keeps everything on a tight leash rather than just hammering loads of noise loops. The bleak atmospheres invoked by the hypnotic kicks and frequencies are developed and mutated with rapid percussion switches and tension building edits. The overall feeling created is one of high tensile precision, very mixable and intelligently produced. Recommended. Eun

Sounds Never Seen 14

This 2 track 7" from the 'Sound of Rome's respected SNS label comes as a bit of a disappointment. No amount of snazzy packaging can disguise a sub-standard record; it's the noise that counts, as this flimsy electro proves. The production is smooth and flawless but ultimately bland when compared with previous output. There really is too much of this stuff about at the moment and Lory D's efforts lack the dynamics and deviant humour required to energise this style. Eun

The Dogs of War-Audio Illusion Recordings

Previously only available for consumption in their live incantation, this captures the incendiary essence of the Bomb Dogs sound across two trax on a crisp bubble wrapped 12" of vinyl. The most effective elements of electro/teknó and hard drum and bass are stripped down and spliced to form one snarling entity which roars out of a rig. Shredded radio voices are combined with razor sharp breaks and tight sub-bass which operate in conjunction with high impact kicks to form a multi-pronged attack (©NATO) on any party. When faced with a multitude of derivative generic releases in whatever flavour of the month (free)styles are concocted The Bomb Dogs are a breath of fresh (dog) breath. Eun

Christoph de Babalon Rise Above This (Zhark 70001)

This cool 4 track 7" from de Babalon opens with 'Extreme Joy' a muted piece of torture chamber ambience, before launching into the criminally short but excellent 'Endpoint' which contains as much energy in its two minute blast as most people need in a lifetime. The discordant organ at the end of 'Another Language', which starts side B, adds a twist of dementia to the militant amen smash up which precedes it, twisting the track towards utter darkness. 'Interview' completes the ritual with a haunted cut up of reversed whispers and forgotten conversations. Eun

secure holding to investigate further. He even puts his penis inside it. He is clearly insane. This is done in secret. This act compromises the ability of the vehicle to go in a straight line. They crash miles from anywhere. They are lost from the over-view of the schedule and the organisation. To make matters worse the young man, his behaviour, becomes more and more contaminated by the object. They are now between the organisation that sent them and the one they are going towards. The young man's reason has gone, he has become sicker and sicker. He is unable to make a judgement. The older man knows the best way he can help him is by becoming hard and making the power of horror overcome the temporary weakness of his body. He is brutal and skilled in the application of small terrors.

This situation makes the younger man's head seize up. He can do nothing except keep trying to snatch glances, trying to understand what it is. His is filled with a liquid terror that seems to hammer in side him and come out of his skin like some evaporation. This is something he doesn't want the older man to know about. At one stop, he gets out of the van and puts his head up against a wall and pukes. He does not register to the object. He knows he will never be at its level until he destroys himself completely. The older man doesn't believe that this is happening. They fight.

The younger man is being digested by the object, from touching it. When they fight this helps him. When they finish and he has won the fight he feels sad because he knows he is now completely outside of the organisation that the older man is inside. He is outside the law but in outside it in a way that's more drastic than when he was inside of it but ripping it off. The older man's shirt is black with dried blood. He respects the other man now.

Because he is outside, the young man can now speak to the woman. It's obvious, but this is what he has now found out that the object is, that's the way it occurred. She is intelligent and strong - she's tried to escape twice - and blonde and beautiful and pretty so much so that it makes it tedious to contemplate.

They are hundreds of miles from where they started and because of the escape attempts they are nearly a day late in bringing her to the other organisation. This other organisation is a separate one inside of a larger organisation which also contains the one the older man is still inside and which the younger one has been cut off from. There is no way they can even appear to go wrong.

They take a short cut across some deserted country. It is freezing cold. The van breaks down. They wander across the frozen moor to look for some help. They are lost, then they fall down an abandoned mine-shaft. They see death. They know they are going to starve or freeze or fall to death as they are unable to climb out of the hole. In the hole is complete and utter blackness. The rocks are softly shaped from running water and the years of the mine workings.

Despite the fact that they are taking her to be consumed by the other organisation which they understand to mean her death, after a long time in the mine the two men see that the woman has gone and found some rope which she lowers down into the mine shaft. They had not noticed that she had not fallen into the hole. This means they still have something to learn so that the story can go on. The rope is brand new and very expensive looking. This means that the film maker still has something to learn. They climb up the rope.

Because the woman saved them when they didn't expect her too, or didn't even notice that she could the two men are now joined with her in another kind of organisation. A counter-memory of owed favours, shared bullshit and intimidation. It also means that the younger man and the woman love each other without saying it but fucking. This new organisation is different. Being part of it means that the two men have to help the woman escape the other organisation which is part of the larger organisation that the organisation which owns them is part of and that they now also have to escape from.

gimme some raw data

Application forms, like history, are written by the victors. The difference between a B1 and a form applying for a grant from the Arts Council is that whilst the former just requires straight points of fact to be supplied with whatever degree of veracity, the latter requires more subservience, more socialisation, from the applicant. When shall we see the day when requests for unemployment benefit are made under such romantic headings as: 'proposal'?

freephone the cops

Police live the form-filling and waiting life of doleys improved only by a license to spastic bursts of occasional violence, a diet of Tagamet and the ready availability of enough over-time to ignore whatever they need to ignore. There's a book called Death Scenes published by Feral House in the States. Most of their books are to do with showing how much death they can stomach. This book is different though because it is quite openly a topology of a cop's mind. A testament that because it is pulled documentarily out of a third person doesn't get quite so trapped into being simply transgressive. That of course, would be up to the reader.

DEATH SCENES is a facsimile of a photo-album collected and put-together by Jack Huddleston, a Californian cop working between the Twenties and Fifties. The collection is prefaced by a brief signed introduction. The intent is apparently purely didactic. "To show the story of the peace officer and his problems..." That just as surely as cops form the only wall holding back a tidal wave of unrelenting criminal chaos, that 'Crime does not pay' - either that or a thin masking device for a private selection of the choicest cuts.

Either way, Deathscenes is a form of moral database, a leaky property cupboard damning the viewer with culpability for membership in an insane species: Scene of Crime photographs, the contents of morgue drawers, accidents, suicides, murders, explosions, fires, carbon monoxide poisoning, bodies thrown amongst blood-spattered trinkets, tatty curtains, landlord furniture, a guy who drowned sleeping in the bath, mug shots of prostitutes, petty criminals, lesbians, safe blowers, dealers...

This archive to be viewed through eye-shaped stab-wounds produces a diagrammatic stations of the cross for a religion based on the repeated dumb epiphany of the fragile surface tension of skin and the exquisite facility of control. As the victims, details and freaks pile up in its pages, two thresholds are achieved. The first is the 'distance' that a professional must hold from the horror within which he works. The second is something that oozes into existence the more that is encompassed within its pages.

In the city, tens of thousands of variables are acting on each other. At a certain threshold of interrelation the results of certain behaviours end up glued into this book. The data it incorporates goes in torrents of overflow, past the minimal array of sets applied to them. The cop can't handle it, so into his personalised circle of hell he pulls in photographs of victims of illnesses labelled hydrophobia, leprosy and elephantiasis; of the genitals of a hermaphrodite wrenched open for the camera by thick rubber gloved hands a guy covered in 'lewd' tattoos; on facing pages, photos of a shrunken head, and of a strangled cat with one head and two bodies. In and between the collapsing pages, connective vectors are formed: the reflection of certain textures of light; glassiness thrown from a screaming eye and a broken plate; the moistness of sets of wounds as a factor of a relational category of morbidity mapped onto the celerity or stupidity of death; black patches under chairs, in corners of rooms, spilling out from a head torn off by a shot-gun blast. Things that mean nothing begin, by the sole virtue of a ruthless proximity, to eke out a generative texture of horror.

double memory campaign Lying nonchalant, stretched out on the floor, shoulders propped onto the wall, one hand loose in an impact shrug. Legs crossed, absent minded showing a length of white almost hairless calf and the clean undersides of his

shoes. The left side of his head, it has crumbled into a mass of jelly. A greased back widow's peak gone all awry on top. Thick blood streams out of both nostrils following the creases in his relaxed face down over his chin to turn his white shirt black. Face, the remaining side, the animation of the muscles gone. Face so pale and heavy you wouldn't ever have see it that way in sleep. A shapeless mess on the other. Nothing else to be said. He's about forty-so and is recently emptied.

He's holding up a small card to his right eye. It's some promotional thing.

This is the program:
one: eat, drink and look sharp
two: fuck as much as you can
three: get as much dope as you want without working for the money to buy it with

In order to achieve these ends we have to construct an assault on existence in a system that attempts to construct everything in terms of an answer to the following questions:

do you want flowers? would you like a new haircut? are you looking for a gift? do you require stationary? are you looking for clothes? fruit and vegetables? books? records? health and fitness facilities? health and fitness supplies? do you need a lawyer? where can I book my holiday? get my hair styled? where are the games centres?

The voice when it comes is slow. Around him, a collapsed stack of aerosol starch. Some splayed over like accidental petals and some finished rolling, a couple of metres away maybe, from where he fell. The voice, locking into place:

"I have on a black and white," The jaw flapping up and down, not mechanically but like something getting knocked about in the wind, as the crushed side of his head starts to glisten with fresh juice, "...Checkerboard Versace chain. I have some Versace sandals that have the gold heads all around the ankles. I have on Versace spandex, a Versace top and a Versace belt..." He pauses. Everything shuts up. "Everything matches."

The immobile bulk of the figure starts to itch into movement again.

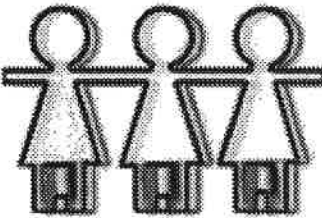
"It's part of my image and I love nice things; I love nice clothing. I'm always gonna shop top-notch. This latest look, it helps me like a healing medication. You're dead. You're happy. It makes you look like you've got no worries in the world. I like it. Death? The dead are innocent. It makes me happy. People may ask what lounge of stupidity, what gaming table of depravity has this foul carcass minced its way out from? They don't know. They're jealous. It's simple. I'm buffed, waxed and detailed and they look like shit."

"Now you take a look at that one over there, quite classy. Almost. She's so cadaverous that when a fart occurs within - such velocity is reached that it takes two full minutes for her buttocks to clap back together again. It's nice, but the clothes.... " Skin covered in greasy cling film layers and gaffer tape, ten layers thick, scuffed and leaking. "Cheap."

You're like that? "How do I keep my gaping wounds so fresh looking and juicy without resorting to such things? Easy. I have cells secreting mucus by exocytosis - no that's not a label, it's a biological process... They are built into my wounds. They are constantly refreshed and moist at all times. Thousands of these cellular factories are embedded into my skull to produce as much glycoprotein as I need to express my real me to the outside world in a safe and hygienic manner."

ecouté et repeté

There is a class of visualisation devices that are constructed of perceptual mechanisms whose perspectival instructions permit viewing only by the most perfected of subjects. Virtual worlds locked into the conventions of Renaissance sight machines, singular vanishing points, parallel lines disappearing towards a maths-induced horizon; golfing worlds with perimeter fence on perpetual repeat; anti-radar missiles that are blind without being captured in the signal of the anti-aircraft station they are fired to destroy; paintings whose



Wreck'n' Roll

Further into the Mission of the HWF...

Eight months have passed since the formation of the Homewrecker Foundation and with them came an onslaught of other "all-female"

labels and movements. Seems to me that this was the perfect time to wreck the shit in the otherwise male dominated domain...especially since we are still the only ones doing it.

First off is the CD compilation, "The Female of the Species", a collection of tracks made by women, (and guess what) compiled, produced and promoted by a man. My only question to this guy, is if he just wanted a date out of it. The women involved should've cared enough to ask who is organising this, and paying for it. It is simply not enough to be pimped out by some bloke, just hoping he can bank on the current imbalance of women in electronic music. As you will shortly see, this is not the first example of this type of opportunistic behaviour, which has exploded since our crusade first began.

Absolute reactionary behaviour has also surfaced from the DHR camp, who have finally released the "manifestoes" of their supposed all-girl label Fatal, both on the internet and their self-promotional magazine. Hanin Elias, the queen bee of DHR, has written some type of pro-female dribble which includes a promise that they will destroy "power, money, industry, and god" ...Yeah just as soon as Atari fans start thee riot. Hanin comes across as desperate, with her manifesto written 3 weeks after the Homewrecker's was distributed globally, and years since her last solo album (which was written and produced by Alec Empire).

My main problem with Fatal doesn't lie in these petty facts though, the real aggravation stems from the lack of practical technical knowledge this troop of women supply in the 16 pages they have to work with. If we add it up, between these riot girls - they can play a biscuit on a turntable (courtesy of Kirsten Reynolds), scream around, program a 606, and use some type of vague synth without even a sequencer. Sounds really innovative. At least Kathleen Hanna quickly mentioned reading a technical manual, which is essential. Nic Endo's advice to girls wanting to get involved was to buy a mini-sampler and a 4-track recorder. Are women destined to rely on a man to sequence and engineer while they come up with some synth drones? Not one of them mentioned getting on the internet, picking up a book on synthesis/recording technique, or some type of trade mag to find out what these "toys" are supposed to do in the first place. In addition, not one mentioned getting a £50 amiga or using your school's/family's desktop computer. For a label called Digital Hardcore, I am surprised not to hear about any digital harddisk recording software or technique being mentioned, but I have a few ideas as to why.

On a more supportive note, the HWF has achieved bringing a variety of women together, all with differing backgrounds and skills which we will pull together to make the sum greater than the parts. Sound engineers. Video producers. DJs. Writers. Photographers. Musicians. Computer programmers. Trouble makers. These are the skills which we have to share with and learn from each other. The Homewrecker Foundation is a cohesive team that is always changing - and with it, each one of us. There is no one right way to approach technology, but do not forget, it takes time and dedication. There is no better time to start than now. For more information on how you can help further the advancement of women's role in technology-contact-

wreckya@gonebad.net

.....Upcoming Releases.....

HWF 2 - Mouse E.P. by Stella Michelson

Ripping it up with her brutal BPMs and caustic visions, Ms. Michelson tears us apart again.

HWF 3 - ZipperSpy E.P

Maria Moran (RRR/Vinyl Comm.) leads us down a dark tunnel of metallic percussion and ominous soundscapes.

HWF 4/Tochnit Aleph - Mne-Mie L.P.

Co-release with Berlin's mysterious noise label, album of the Japanese duo featuring M.Hino of C.C.C.C.

HWF 5 - Dlrty Debutantes vol. 1

12" compilation featuring debuts from the roughest Homewreckas new on the block.

double contents only reveal themselves once the correct lense has been placed over them; stereographs inducing eyes to drift out of one and into another kind of focus;

They manufacture their own viewer in the act of being seen. Users of interactive art installations know this and are thus always trying to find ways in which take make themselves the perfect recipient of the art, or at least to not spend too much time trying to interact with the dumb or perhaps broken parts of the set-up when they know they have a whole show full of such conundrums ahead of them. Thus, the acute visitor to a show of electronic art first makes sure that before anything else they know where the video camera, the motion sensor, the pressure pad, the infra-red beam expects them to be. This is the only crucial part of the work.

toilet stalls, voting booths, telling counters, betting booths, language lab

An unfilled form is a desiring machine hungering for completion. If a random selection of Lambeth Council's finest examples were buried in a timecapsule to be opened in a thousand year's time they would be sufficiently powerful to wipe out any future perfect civilisation.

Forms are the key component in dysfunctional bureaucracy. Forms are printed on paper and designed to be read by a computer in one or more of three ways:

- mechanically scanned using character-spacing forms and optical character recognition, the requisite yesses or noes stripped out of it in a procedure culminating in another negative or positive.
- rather than letting the client directly at the machine which adjudicates the way in which the form has been filled the information is entered by an employee into the database. This employee may or may not have to interface with the client.
- Schedules of form filling are designed for employees. Records that the correct forms have been filled, that specified tests have been carried out at the correct time are filled in a second level reading of an employees' records. Recording the fulfilments of minimal responsibility becomes the process by which a job is kept for an individual, the process by which a contract is kept by a sub-contracting organisation, the way accusations of negligence can be disproven. It is the record that something was done - even if only an act of form-filling.

Forms are designed to receive the information that they are designed to receive and to create an unmistakable alert when this need is not met. In this way, they automate the process of protective alienation but in doing so they abnegate 'care'. This can work in two ways. In the context of performing a benefits application where all that is required by the 'client' is for the money to be extracted from the state for as long as is possible and by the person processing the client for the form to be filled in with as little disruption to the smooth processing of the claim as possible. Things go wrong in this case when either of them has an undue regard for finding out the actual context of the form filling. The impact of computation is not to make the situation any more - or even potentially more - efficient, but just to make it faster to process.

Protective alienation via forms is also

used for instance in the Health Service where a patient will be summonsed to an appointment only to find out that their physical presence is solely required as a corroboration of the act of filling out the form by the health service employee. Any actual concern beyond the schedule-determined well-being of the patient is solely at the operative's discretion and must not interfere with their ability to discharge their duties within the required time.

Forms are essentially a digital medium transferred into analogue form. They are based on yes/no switches. Things start to go wrong - and traps are laid to catch the unwary - in the sections where situations and reasons have to be described. It is in these sections that life among forms becomes a performative act and protective alienation of the real self from the performing individual becomes an essential skill.

The key aspect of the existence of forms in and between series of binary and analogue operations- that they are on paper - is also one of their key advantages with regard to dysfunctional bureaucracy. Data stored on computer is always very easy to back up. The costs of duplicating and storing paper records is extremely high. Storing records on paper means that losing an individual document or file is far more effectively, convincingly and even 'naturally' done.

Elimination of Vice and Propagation of Virtue Squad

One kind of political demonstration goes like this. The marchers assemble. They mill around until the organisers move things on. The march is accompanied by a light police presence. There is a van at the front videoing the front of the march. There is a helicopter above the march, filming it and feeding information to vans of reinforcements in side streets. There are a few police accompanying the march on foot and on motorbike.

As the march progresses through the streets, key junctions are blocked off by police vehicles. At the turning points there is a special operations officer with four officers surrounding him taking photographs. His camera has a large metal shield. He is also a member of the camcorder revolution and has one ready. At the moment though he just picks off photographs of known activists and those with scarves or other clothes that could later become masks.

If these turning points are at a crucial junction, for instance at a road leading to a right-wing headquarters, genetic engineering laboratory, factory gates, government building there will be cameras hidden and visible recording the march. They will be on roofs or behind lace curtains (the depth of field set to go beyond the net). If the police choose, they can attack the march at this point and use the substantial amount of documentary evidence gathered by their action to send people to prison.

As the march progresses towards its end, the number of police accompanying it increases. The march will pass by a government ministry and the gated road to the home of the prime minister. Luckily, the police have already mounted a large, remotely operable TV-quality camera on an immense bright yellow crane and also stationed a number of mounted officers nearby.

As the march passes by they chant more loudly and toss a few placards over the gates. Some of the march stands still. Some flags are torn down from official buildings and a window is broken. Anarchy symbols are sprayed very neatly on various government buildings and monuments.

During this time, the crane mounted camera, moves about three to four metres above the heads of the crowd, recording everyone. As the crowd run out of ideas, the police horses charge into the crowd. People in the crowd fight back with fists, bunched up newspapers, empty drinks cans and more placards. At this point some of the crowd pull scarves over their mouths and noses. The bright yellow camera moves overhead, changing its position as the action moves. Apparently no-one sees it. No attempts are made to attack it.

Minimal amounts of arrests are made during this skirmish. That will come much later. Two lines of police move in support of the mounted officers. After drawing two lines across the road, they separate the marchers into two sections. The end section of the march denied entry to the square is largely made up of people with children. The two sections of the march are gradually pushed away from each other.

In the square the majority of the marchers have arrived. There are police lines across every road into the square. People are allowed to leave, but not to enter. There is music to dance to and some sort of rally over a bad PA. Police photographers with their minders wander through the crowd taking records of people. Anyone doing any technical work, people tying banners to lamp-posts, anyone moving anything. No one attacks them. No one attempts to get in their way or the way of the lense. No one follows the video camera with a car battery and electro-magnet, wiping the tape. No one wears a mask or any kind of disguise. The camera is allowed to operate freely.

let me put my axxe up your cxxt

Security guards in shops always have names. The ones in uniform have names so that they can identify themselves. It's on the plastic badge. The plain-clothes guards, detectives, use their names in a different way. A shoplifter just walked out of a shop with something under his coat. A man walks up and says, "Excuse me sir, my name is Paul McCartney". The thief's mind gags. It goes: uh... that wanker? He stands still. He doesn't also notice that the man is also saying, "I'm a detective for blahblah. Could you please accompany me back into the store." By this time, it's too late to run.

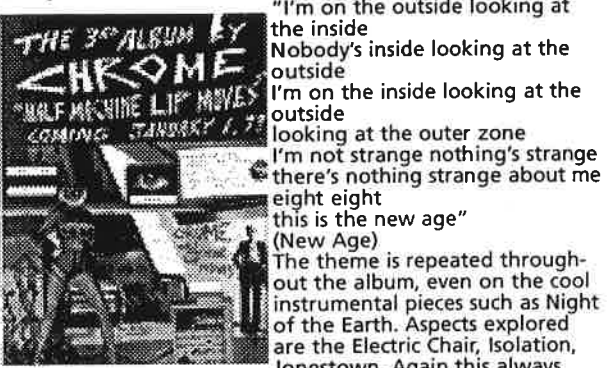
Matthew Fuller

- 1 W.E.B. Du Bois, The Souls of Black Folks, Signet Classics, Harmondsworth 1985, p.45
- 2 Richard Sennett and Jonathan Cobb, The Hidden Injuries of Class, Faber and Faber, London 1993, p.196
- 3 Death Scenes, a homicide detective's scrapbook, edited by Sean Tejaratchi, with an introduction by Katherine Dunn, Feral House, Portland 1996

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released on their own label Siren Records, which having started in '76 was one of the first independent labels of the new generation. This changed slightly now as they released their next album Red Exposure through Beggar's Banquet a British pseudo-independent (independently run, but financed/owned by a major, in this case WEA). At the time Red Exposure was seen as a step towards a more 'commercial' sound, but then again a more organised sound was not necessarily a surprising step after the previous two albums. What is more revealing is the fact that Creed/Edge are pictured on the cover, always a tell-tale sign for commercial aspiration - or is it pop simulation? There was also a single 'New Age' to promote the album for which apparently exist two videos.

Nevertheless Red Exposure - their only major label record - is a good album that fits a little bit more in the contemporary context of bands such as Joy Division or Killing Joke (I mention those two because they are the ones mentioned by Chrome in an interview at the time) - the production is much less ragged than on its predecessor - but some of their nicest tracks are collected here, examples of the most alienated post-punk possible, but in a very different way than the mentioned bands. It is more a case of 'negative' psychedelia. If you ever wandered around the Elephant and Castle on acid you know what I mean.



happens in a detached way - "with their feet in prehistory, their heads between foreign planets" - and never full on, sensualising nor authenticated by anything else but the psychedelic experience.

Clearly the worst moments of Chrome are when they try to adopt a conventional singing style, or pop music poses in general. I think it must have been around this time that rather than using rock/pop elements for their 'psychic art' they must have convinced themselves - like so many others - that they could indeed be a rock band, and successful (no doubt the label encouraged this misconception). After Red Exposure two new members joined taking over the rhythm section, turning Chrome into a conventional four-piece combo and therefore live-circuit-compatible. Nevertheless they managed to produce at least one more classic album, '3rd from the Sun' where even the almost embarrassing 'Firebomb' has dense layers of feedback, effects and 'moog liberation' counter-acting the rock clichés in the lyrics. More effective, but not less



'rock' are the two epic tracks 'Armageddon' and '3rd from the Sun' which was later covered by Prong (shortly before they themselves got signed by a major). I'm not sure about the contractual situation at that period - the copy of '3rd' I have is credited again to their own Siren label. Functioning much more in a band format since the 'Blood on the Moon' LP, these tracks are still dark and demented, with a psychedelic nihilism lurking under the veneer of heavy riffs. "Take it to the teacher take it to the park Want to make a million is it Armageddon Like to hear the voice in got nothing to say Got nothing left to say to you got nothing to do

Technicians on the moon feel safer than you Standing like the targets in midst of Armageddon Standing in the light field ground zero out of reach Don't want no pardon - Armageddon"

Their search for a more coherent approach didn't stop here, Helios Creed and Damon Edge recorded two more albums - No Humans Allowed and Raining Milk - before they parted ways... Their strength together had exactly been the confrontation of differing elements, cuts in the material, aesthetic conflict and unsurmountable otherness. There is a tension between the different creative impulses that is lacking in their (sometimes inspired, sometimes dull) solo efforts. Damon Edge died of a heart failure last month.

DKP Hots Circuit

Scrape your head with a 7" of french hardcore, doom as you like, 4/4 varying with breakbeats or hip hop riffs according to the speed they are layed in. Really like that great Goldorak sample. Good recipe : a bit of speed gabber, apinch of hard breaks, a lump of guitar, lots of distortion, a handful of slamming kicks and let the record speed up. The Vega's forces attack! Out soon. Val

Lory D - SNS 014

Two track 7", with 'Deep from Colosseum' reminding me, in places, of 'Humanoids from the Deep', released by Overdrive in '92 - deep bass pulses, synth-twists - although 'Colosseum' is certainly not as interesting now as 'Humanoids' was then. 'Deep' begins as a slowish 4/4 techno track, with sporadic injections of electro-beats which eventually take over half way through. Generating atmosphere, it manages to claw back some of the deepness which characterised the earlier SNS releases, noticeably missing on 'Frisk' and the 'Adrenochrome' release, but still definitely on a lighter, less warped tip. On the flipside, 'Cleaner from Prati' limps home, promising little and delivering even less with a non-descript electro track lacking depth and power. Kovert

Somatic Responses - Progerik 07

What could have been an excellent 3 track SR release due to rhythm programming, is entirely let down by a half-hearted choice of, and arrangement of sounds. This lack is made obvious when this record is compared to the recent Six-Shooter releases by the somatix, especially number 7, which juxtaposes strong sounds and strong intricate beat workouts into mad broken/stepping hybrids. The Progerik record is generally encased in uninteresting analog squeals and suffers. Kovert

V/A- Mission two: connecting electronic network - Nature

10 track long player, featuring various European artists providing a mixture of (non-4/4) memorabilia and possible future insight. Strangely, almost all the most interesting cuts come on one slice of vinyl, perhaps indicating this should have been only a 12. Anyway, the highlights come via: 2 be Freak (aka Seal-Funk and Oliver Moreau from Reload Ltd.), Amp-tek (Eclectic Records), Somatic Responses, V/M and D'Archangelo. 2 be Freak: 170bpmish broken beats and metallic insistence, overlaid with slightly unconvincing dark synths, slowing down half way and firing back in. Amp-tek manages a much more powerful sound than previous tracks on 'Eclectic' and illustrates a tenser atmosphere, quite slow but with harsh double speed kicks and bleak synth licks. The Somatic provide a slow and surprisingly mel-low cut, which is cool all the same. V/M leave all trace of the dance behind, layering thick hiss, italo-chat, grungey noise and dredging their gramophone collection. The D'Archangelo track only hints at kitsch with their track 'engine', differing from their previous EP, recorded for Nature and their new long player on Rephlex, which are both in full 80's effect. 'Engine' is an interesting, short, disjointed track, disassembling beats and panning out soft sound unexpectedly - not as dirty and mechanical as it sounds, but cool. Kovert

UHT - Savage 01

New, 'experimental' imprint from Paris, providing an alternative to speed in France - featuring dark grinding cave themes, rocking electro, and abstract indecision. Fine undercover action. Kovert<<<<<<<

HWF.1 Don't Lie White Boy

Kut-Up Kaos Kick! Subjugation Station Ultralash! Scavenger Girl Long awaited first release on the Homewrecker Foundation, the Zhark sublabel for women in electronics is a split 7" with the slow dark pop of Kut-Up Kaos Kick (check the video on <http://www.vfs.com/~kozak/deadtry.mov>) on one side and Ultralash's Scavenger Girl on the flip. A disparate double between high and low tech, between pop and avant garde, between direct aggression and cryptic bytes. Ultralash's Nintendo GameBoy production was ripped off by a well known producer who ran out of ideas on a 'limited' double pack, but proves to be much more powerful. Currently circulating as a US pressing that plays from the inside out. Against the grain. -The Jackal

Praxis 21 Slaughter Politics

Awww shill... Sometimes I think there is never going to be another hit like "In Bed with Hanin" or that one off Amputate 2, but here it is... "You Must Help Yourself" - the sexiest and slammiest track on Praxis

yet. Nomex and CF pull it off to bring us ever closer to dementia of sex starved Nazi bitches and serious bass damage, topped off with utterly bashed-up breaks. The other breakcore track entitled 'Stammheim' takes us to the final threshold where Andreas Baader's last heart-beat meshes with distorted bass and a nowhere to run (but to the speakers) atmosphere. The other tracks, based around 4/4 hardcore both explore unfamiliar territory by merging a basic kick track with a well developed yet lethal atmosphere -Hecate

V/A Hangars Iiquides 09

A compilation with seven tracks from different artists, opening with Al Zhemer + La Peste 'New Skin vs. Old School' which indeed alternates a slow 4/4 with broken beats. Noise Creator's 'Global Harsh' follows with some degraded digits and mere hint of a beat. Fatter is Jokers' 'Subsonik', much in the vein of his records on SixShooter and Uncivilised World (as Cyanide), shiny production and slower big beats (not Big Beat, but maybe as this should be...). La Veste (!) closes the first side with a fast 4/4 beat overlaid with voices and what could be a delayed guitar riff. Continuing in the same pace the next side explores deeper some possibilities of a broken beat speedcore, voices and disquieting atmospheric noises. Much less subtle is Bombardier's 'Chamber' that is full on distorted breakspeedcore, an approach that seems dated due to the 'you gonna die' screamed/male/distorted vocal samples. Noise Creator rounds everything off with 'Special Cleanse', a slow beat with distorted Amiga hihats and claps and some plinky sounds that won't leave you alone. A good collection of tracks that are sometimes sketchy but always concerned with pushing the envelope further once more, showing a broad range of possibilities... CF

Gwal

Yers (Dusk Records 001) Known from the first two Widerstand releases (the first a split with Elterherd, the second a full 9-track EP), Gwal is back after the interlude of the less convincing (or more conventional) Special Forces release. Now with his own label Dusk he presents one side of ultra-hard speedcore and Amiga-perversions and then one monstrous side of a ca.15 min track that travels through twisted areas of broken beats, distortion, pannings and general disorganisation of the 8-bit senses. Is it I art pour l'art in its radical unfunctionality of a terribly low-volume cut and a weird machine writing its own travelogue through inner space? Or just a freak incident in recording history... CF

I/O Error / The Gabbist Monks The Funky See, Funky Do e.p. (Freakshow Records #2)

Split EP of relatively crude hardcore out of Indianapolis, with two tracks per side. Freakshow is part of the recent surge of north American hardcore releases (see reviews of Deadly Systems / Distort / LowRes etc.). Frantic voices, incomprehensible gibberish... 4/4 beats galore, sometimes in double speed - incl. strange breakups and a voice loop saying "the blood of their children". CF

Ingler Epiteth pth 013

In the absence of real 'hit' tracks (such as were present on the last Ingler on Epiteth, e.g. 'Riot'), this work

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Alakmatik, BEM, Contrabative, DKP, DSP, Epiteth, Eshera, Tey, Faillies, Fluff, Koz, Kanarok, Lethal, K&B Redz, Koma, KS OOO, Mammut, Marc Ammut, Megabus Redz, Naoned, Never Forget, No Tek, Out Of Body & Near Death Experience (DBE & NDE), ONI Redz, OXO, Pear Blue, Pit Ore, Rainier, Tattara, Tibus (GDP), Rock & Fuel, Rouge de Gitter, Sub Radar, Symtore, TH, Teth, Triphase, Ubundant, White Donkey, World alchemist Redz, Zorp.

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you must help yourself

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Al Sayhah

"A book is made up of signs that speak of other signs"
Umberto Eco

"Disinformation" records clearly aspire, like Dr Who's Tardis, to be bigger on the inside than they are on the outside, loaded with hints, clues and allusions designed to tempt listeners to investigate interesting ideas. The "Al-Jabr" CD (Ash International, Ash 4.3), Disinformation's latest exercise in weapons-grade electronica, is no certainly exception. Its predecessor "Antiphony" presented the remix process as a parody of the techniques of traditional church music, while Al-Jabr takes its central analogy from an underground publication circulating in medieval Europe. The ninth century astronomer, geographer and mathematician Abu Ja'far Muhammad ibn Musa / Al-Khwarizmi's book "Ilm Al-Jabr W'al-mukābalaḥ" – literally the "reunification of broken bones" – introduced European accountants to both 'Arabic' (Sanskrit) numerals and to the system of symbolic mathematical reduction whose name corrupts into English from its Arabic form: equations as fractures, solutions as surgery, remixes as reunifications.

If the worst aspects of Israeli Zionism can be understood as a grotesque parody of the Nazi policy of "lebensraum", similarly the worst aspects of modern Islam can be seen as a reflexive reinvention of the worst mistakes of medieval Christianity – the Jihad as a parody of the Crusades, the Fatwah as a parody of the Inquisition. In contrast to the oppressive centralised power-politics which wrung the idealism out of primitive Christianity, medieval Islam seems to have been remarkably cosmopolitan – enlivened by the dynamics of relatively enlightened free-trade capitalism. Just as situationist theory speaks of products 'packaged' in the ideology of modern consumerism, ancient silk routes delivered commodities packaged in the intellectual imports without which European philosophy would have suffocated and died. Muslin from Mosul, Tabby from Baghdad – bundles wrapped in Al-Kindi's renditions of Aristotle, Alhazen's optics (effectively primeval radio-science), Al-Khwarizmi's numerals, Avicenna's alcoholism and Averroes' "Destruction..." explosive formulae and formulae for explosives which resurfaced later in the heretical extremes of anarcho-Franciscan thought.

For those not familiar with the Disinformation brand-name's unusual history, this project consists of DJ'ing, publishing and performing live or with recordings of unusual electromagnetic (ie – radio) noise; and any number of associated side-interests which this subject generates. On Al-Jabr itself, rather than creating antiphonal responses to the original source material, Disinformation's remixers "equate" the raw recordings with their own idiosyncratic inputs. Lawrence Casserley transforms the rhythmic intricacies of howling data noise into a symphony of crushed and shattered slates. Evan Parker's wailing saxophone complements the pulsating drones of the city's power distribution networks, transforming the original "National Grid" (recorded live at the Museum of Installation) into "London's Overthrow", after the apocalyptic visions of the Victorian mystic, painter and arsonist Johnathan Martin. The noise group Tactile take ultralongwave sub-bass radio noise radiated by the TIG welders in sculpture / sound group Oubliette's metal workshop, and recasts them as the ambience of "Pandemonium" – the infernal underground city engraved by Johnathan Martin's slightly saner brother John. Jim O' Rourke adds uniquely American humor and a rock n'roll analogue of National Grid. Simon Fisher Turner twists broadcast data noise into gorgeous rolling melodies, albeit after an incongruous interlude with a drum machine. Tunk Systems' track "Synaptic Radio" pitches VLF-band radio recordings of interference radiated by electrical storms against pristine lab pure sine waves – a vision of electrical-engineering-as-fine-art created by Disinformation for events at MOI and the South London Gallery. "Raxor" by Mechos isolates individual lightning strikes and inserts them in a lattice of clicks and low frequency drones, whose deceptive simplicity belies the subtly disorienting effects of their unfolding, twisting rhythms. Georgina Brett's "Euphony" is exactly what the title suggests – inverting the divine ugliness of Disinformation's "Theophany" and contrasting it with beautiful human sounds.

Al-Jabr includes a text by the 17th century watchmaker Robert Hooke, suggesting noise as a potential diagnostic aid and means of scientific investigation; however, if this CD can be said to have a purpose beyond its specialised entertainment value, then it is also to show that noise, as an artform, can demonstrate real conceptual and technical ingenuity, and not only express visceral, cathartic intensity (ecstasy, ugliness, beauty and rage), but also explore complex and emotive anthropological and intellectual themes.

J Banks 12/1/99

See also...

"An Allegorical Portrait of Roger Bacon" by Disinformation
"History of Western Philosophy" by Bertrand Russell
"The Name of the Rose" by Umberto Eco

Chrome

San Francisco mid-seventies, a dark shadow is hanging over Height Ashbury, hippie burnouts populating the streets - Deadheads, locked in a new nostalgia in the face of the grim reality of 70's re-consolidation. LSD still pumping in the bloodstream, having been consumed in absurd quantities in the previous decade, but Tim Leary had turned snitch for the state prosecution and had not reinvented himself yet as cyberspace guru and Marlboro rights campaigner as he would in the even grimmer 80's.

The Weather Underground, who had understood that the solution to Vietnam was not to just stop the war, but to bring the war back home, had been beaten.

After the failed revolutions the Summer of Love had made money for the fashion and culture industries, and the oil crisis, Nixon and Watergate had proven that the revolutionary constellation was now just a faint memory, massacred not only at Kent State, but much more effectively by the mainstream absorbing elements of the 'counter-culture'.

Of course the right 'rectified' what they saw as fatal developments (such as sexual liberation, and other liberal sins) and brought the 50's back in the

80's (and brought Vietnam back in the form of El Salvador, but this time they managed it better), before in the 90's the former liberal left found a way to practise their imperialism under a 'humanitarian' banner.

Mumbling acid casualties begging for money, a pain in the ass for the developers hoping to gentrify the area one decade after the Psychedelic revolution, a typical SF phenomenon... the Grateful Dead, Jefferson Airplane... a town that proved too much even for the Sex Pistols, and later for Throbbing Gristle who both gave their last live performances here.

In the meantime however the new generation developed an underground scene that had clearly absorbed both a strong dose of punk nihilism as well as psychedelic heritage. The Residents had demonstrated this from the early seventies onwards with their albums Meet the Residents, and most brutally with Third Reich 'n' Roll, released in 1975, an album of 'semi-phonic' cover versions of 60's hits that clearly drew parallels between what rock'n'roll had become and fascism.

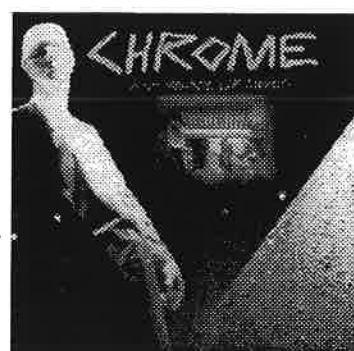
The Residents carefully kept their anonymity, their publicity shots and videos always show them with masks (preferably big eyeballs, sometimes KKK costumes), their company the Cryptic Corp. puzzled many investigators for years, the label Ralph Records published some of the emerging new artist from SF and beyonds, such as Snakefinger (who recorded with the Residents as well as solo-albums) and Yello (from Switzerland). Other groups of this period and per-

suation include Tuxedomoon, Romeo Void, MX-80 Sound, Pearl Harbour and the Explosions and others. Also coming up around the same time was the punk scene, most notably the Dead Kennedys and their label Alternative



Tentacles, and the label Subterranean.

Chrome originated somewhere in this cultural climate; recorded on a simple four track machine they released their first LP 'Visitation' in 1976, an album no one seemed particularly proud of or even mentioned, except the magazine Bomp from L.A. that reviewed it and in which they had placed an ad already announcing the next LP. People started sending their cash, and so eventually the second LP 'Alien Soundtracks' was recorded, drawing a bit more attention than its predecessor.



The core of the band were Damon Edge and Helios Creed, and would remain so until Creed left to record his own brand of burnt-out acid punk, and Edge continued under the name Chrome for another dozen or so albums.

Throughout the 80's. To make things more complicated, Helios Creed recorded a few albums as Chrome in the 90's. The focus of our attention should be on the few records the two produced together which seems to have been the creative highpoint of their 'careers' as far as I can see. The first case in point is the fantastically titled 'Half Machine Lip Moves' LP they produced in 1978, an awkward masterpiece, mainly produced as a duo, the two playing all the instruments and fucking around with studio equipment, tapes and effects. Tracks start in one mould and totally switch halfway through, from all out psychedelic rock with the dodgiest connotations to druggy soundscapes, distorted vocals, backward tapes, plinky drum machines, all mashed up in bizarre arrangements with songtitles such as Zombie Warfare, March of the Chrome Police, You've been Dublicated, Mondo Anthem or Abstract Nympho. Obviously intoxicated by large amounts of psychedelic substances



they take the listener onto a mindexpanding journey via sometimes crude audio experiences. Even more disturbing, but in a way more contemporary sounding

(there is hardly a trace of acid rock here) is their 'Read Only Memory' EP, a (fictional?) movie soundtrack that was reportedly recorded under the influence of generous helpings of opium (and sounds like it). All these records up to then were



"LONG LIVE DEATH"

On Pasolini's Salò

The attempt to deny differences is a part of the more general enterprise of denying life, depreciating existence and promising it a death where the universe sinks into the undifferentiated

Being one of the most celebrated films that has yet to be issued with a certification by the British Board of Film Classification, Pasolini's *Salò* is perhaps the most controversial of all banned films in a list that includes *Clockwork Orange* and *Straw Dogs*. In many ways it is easy to see why Pasolini's film has created such a furore. Critically acclaimed yet hardly ever seen, *Salò*, from its banning in Italy to its seizure by the Met's Vice Squad in August 1978, is possibly the most provocative and disturbing political film ever made. Its release, even now, would occasion far reaching debates; not least of which would revolve around a questioning of the

Censors' ability to comprehend the cinematic 'language' they are charged with interpreting and classifying. In times which pride themselves on 'openness', and which continue the tradition of seeming to offer everything, it is to a film like *Salò* that we can turn to get some sense of where the line has always been drawn. For, although *Salò* depicts scenes of brute violence and degradation it is such scenes that are ripped out of context to serve as a smokescreen to deter viewers from coming into contact with a movie that, far from being salacious or pornographic, is a blatant indictment of capitalist society. As such *Salò*'s intensity is in part informed by the controversial life of its director. That Pasolini, an outspoken homosexual and maverick communist who spoke of having renounced "explicit ideology" [1], was murdered before its release, and that circumstantial evidence pointed to the possible involvement of left or right wing extremists is the kind of mystery, bordering on conspiracy, that his film seems almost inevitably to elicit. Being a film that touches the disavowed psycho-sexual core of capitalist social-relations, a blindspot for both left and right, *Salò* can be viewed as a visual analogue to some of the themes contained in Deleuze and Guattari's text, *Anti-Oedipus*. Like this book it deals with the difficult areas of power and subjugation, of desire, freedom and phantasy and, crucially, it does not offer the easy answers that 'belief' is apt to instil. But should it be felt that Pasolini is an 'auteur', that *Salò* is a film made by a visionary, it should also be stressed that *Salò* was made in Italy during a period of social and political struggle that fanned-out from the 'Hot Autumn' of 1969 to the debacle of state-sponsored terrorism, and the arrest of communist militants in the late 70s. These events would hardly be unknown to Pasolini and, having critiqued this society through such earlier films as *Pigsty* and *Theorem*, it is more than probable that his work, along with that of other film directors like Francesco Rosi, Elio Petrie and Marco Ferreri, contributed to a heightening of the political heat dur-



ing these years through their 'studies' of the Fascist past, working class struggles, institutional corruption and para-politics. Pasolini, a life long opponent of all forms of conformism, said in reference to *Salò*, his last film, that he wanted people to "realise that there are basic human instincts that must be recognised... today we have come full circle, because what is being exploited is man's mind and his body. In consumer society we are being given a false sense of freedom, because we are suddenly allowed to do things that had been taboo" [2]. It is perhaps this accent given to *Salò*, the examination of what freedom and desire can mean, that marks out Pasolini's film as one that moves into uncharted socio-political territory.

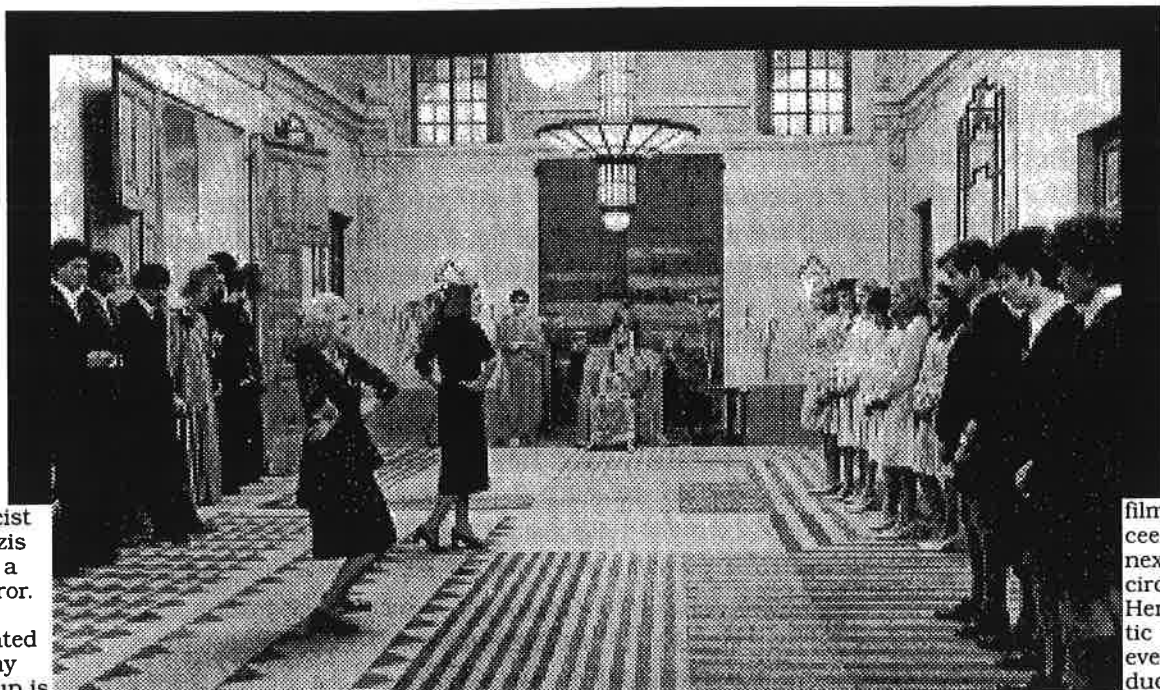
With *Salò*, Pasolini draws upon de Sade's catalogue of perversions "120 Days of Sodom" and sets it in the 1940s in the shortlived Republic of Salò: a last outpost of Mussolini's retreating fascist government. That this historic context is not explained or contextualised from the outset by voiceover or by

means of the script, almost immediately transfers a responsibility onto the viewer and places the onus upon that viewer to carry out independent research into the history of 'Salò'. As disturbing as it is to be offered, so soon in the film, a sense of agency from the director, this choice to evoke rather than to explain has the effect of not only removing any elements of didacticism from the picture but of ensuring the viewer's active-perception in the scenes that are to unfold. This apparent lack of moral guidance, the careful eliding of a narrational or framed presence with its clear point-of-view, is assured by Pasolini's drawing upon the contentious works of de Sade and joining it to suppressed historical events. Pasolini is thus straightaway in the position of attracting controversy and misunderstanding. Yet, this complicated combination of

polysemy and decontextualisation is creative of an affective-immediacy that, in unmooring expectation and in collapsing past and present, makes its themes and concerns timeless. This experiential immediacy of *Salò*, with its presentation of the minutiae of events, is further drawn out by the marking of time within the film: instead of the 'realist' approach of using time and place subtitles, Pasolini chooses to draw upon the canto-divisions of Dante's *Inferno* to present the viewer with a series of 'cycles'. This time could be any previous or impending time.

The opening segment of the film – the antechamber to hell – proceeds immediately into the action of our seeing young people rounded up and herded into makeshift holding centres. There are road blocks, tears and separation and all Pasolini gives us to interpret these opening sequences is a very short scene where a 'constitution' is signed in a darkened conference room. Though it is not made explicit it is implied that this is a formal ratification that establishes the Republic of Salò and marks the agreement and collaboration between the

Italian Fascist and the Nazis to institute a reign of terror. There is no communicated sense of why the round up is



happening and who is doing the rounding up. At first – when bike riders are pursued by cars – there is a hint of gangsterism about the operation – black limo, trench coats, hats, submachine guns – but yet the overall logistics seem to be facilitated by German soldiers [3]. The herding and imprisonment sequences are then followed by a series of selection committees held in requisitioned buildings through which Pasolini first evokes his theme of human commodification: “the reduction of a body to a thing through exploitation” [4]. The selection procedures are ones that look for perfection: a pretty girl with a gap in her teeth is rejected and so this sense of an ‘ideal’ of beauty is also presented as a form of commodification. With these sequences of display, inspection and enforced stripping, which are evocative of slave markets, Pasolini also introduces the prevalent theme of voyeurism as well as that which works with the nuances between ‘reality’ and ‘phantasy’. Furthermore the selection procedure is also drawn by Pasolini as a competition and collusion that is as much about self-protection: those ‘offering’ the slaves act as ‘agents’ and desire the favouritism of those who are doing the selecting. Though initially obscured it becomes clear that the Masters – A Duke, a Bishop, a Magistrate, a Banker – whose power over the others has been ratified by the ‘constitution’ are depicted by Pasolini in such a way as to represent the personified powers of the capitalist state. A move which not only echoes de Sade’s authoritarian figures of Duc, Monsignor, Ambassador and President but which also makes reference to Pasolini’s earlier film, *Pigsty*. The outcome of these sequences is that eight girls and eight boys are selected and taken to a chateau under armed German guard. On the way one of the captive boys, more fully drawn than the other captives by being talked-of as a ‘red’, tries to escape and is shot on the shore of a riverside. By doing away with this character Pasolini sets the tone for what is to follow: there will not only be a lack of interpretative directives from the director there will be little hope for resistance or revolt.

Once at the chateau the German guards are replaced by Italian blackshirt guards and, in an obvious reference to statecraft, the Masters and their entourage address the Slaves from a balcony. Here the ‘laws’ are laid down and viewers are introduced at the same time as the Slaves to what is going to happen: elaborate stories, rituals, will occur and the Masters can interrupt their unfolding and take their pleasure with any of the Slaves at any time. This scene is jarred by the sudden anger of one of the Masters who, seeing that there are chateau servants in amongst the audience of Slaves, calls out for these servants to be removed. Whilst drawing the audience’s attention to the presence of a black servant, Pasolini, by means of this sudden scene, not only illustrates how the slaves segue into servants segue into workers, he also establishes that the Masters’ are needful that their orgies should not be disturbed by the ‘outside’ world. The

film then proceeds into the next circle. The circle of manias. Here the ritualistic nature of events is introduced.

Convening daily in the ‘Hall of Orgies’, pornographic stories (based upon those of de Sade) are recited by a Madame to the accompaniment of classical piano music. Each assembly in the Hall is drawn by Pasolini to accentuate its ritualistic and cyclical nature. These take in the Madame’s preparations before the dressing table and feature her very theatrical entrance down a wide staircase [5]. At first there is an element of negotiation in establishing the tenor of the orgies: the Masters’ request more detail from the Madame’s stories in order that the imaginative provocation that she draws is compatible with the anticipated satiation of their desires. But, as the circle of perversions moves into the circle of shit moves into the circle of blood, the storytelling format is used by Pasolini to emphasise the repetitive aspect of the rituals. Just as this device refers to the enaction of desire as a marriage of phantasy and will – the way desire, by means of the stories, is removed from the individual Masters and comes to be at free-play between people within the chateau and thus institutes the imaginary world sought by the Masters – it also hints at the Masters’ impotency and insecurity in that they need these repetitive narrative structures in order to articulate their desires in the first place: lacking imagination they are reliant on the stories to give them their phantasy and provoke their will. In a different direction the storytelling format is a means by which Pasolini can slow the film down and heighten the fearful anticipation of the Slaves and audience whilst emphasising the incremental growth of the Master’s sadism. The slowness also seems to be communicated to us by the camerawork: a preponderance of middle distance framing sets up a kind of objectivity... the audience are witnessing events and are encouraged to ‘think’ with the distance it gives them; a distance which is given further accent by Pasolini’s spartan use of close-up shots and his overall reluctance to use ‘fragments of the body shots’. Furthermore the storytelling format gives us an indication of the possible ‘release’ of the Slaves. Not only is it that the storytelling scenes become almost scenes of calm and relief for the slaves because nothing is actually being done to them – this is tempered as the film proceeds as it becomes apparent that the theme of the stories is a foretaste of what will be done – it is also a matter of the stories eliciting the ‘consent’ of the Slaves in the ‘shared’ phantasy space. The permutability of the Master/Slave relationship would have it that the Masters’ need the Slaves to be participants in the ‘atmosphere’ and this mutual dependence hints at a potential reversal of power. Such a possibility of reversal is seen several times: the teaching of the slaves how to masturbate a penis properly (a mannequin is used to emphasise the ‘thing’ theme); the clumsiness of some of the one-to-one scenes that follow from a Master picking a Slave; the bodily inability to perform when a girl can’t urinate but then when she does the Master is prone and abased beneath a stream of urine; the switch of costumes especially in the final circle where two of the macho Masters dress up as women. Even so, just as the ‘red’ of the film is shot in the first fifteen minutes, Pasolini does not choose to

So the depth of detail in tracks like Cruise Control (original), Auto Body, and both mixes of Curbed Behaviour(s) are illustrative of a condensation of the elements, ambience and sources of the struggles around Griffith Park. Thus composed these elements seem to mark a subtle step forward for a politicised music that is no longer reliant on the empty-gestures of a ‘passivity-inducing’ propaganda but is exploring instead the eliciting of sympathy and solidarity through the ‘affectivity’ of a shared aural space. Acoustics of change. So, in an almost direct contradistinction to the tactics of propaganda, speech is here made to reject polemic and rhetoric. It is either made to stutter, repeat and move back in the

mix or to present information in a matter-of-fact manner. When such speech is alloyed to Ultra-red’s molecularisation of sound the cumulative effect is to undermine the narrative expectations that political activism has formerly made us accustomed to. As listeners we receive neither a clear-cut message nor its attendant mode of identity but must, at times, work to discover the nuances, carry out our own researches and track the differences ourselves. In this way, by being open to “differential affirmation” rather than “dialectical negation” (3), we are no longer subject to the propagandist mode of desiring to perceive correctly (ie accede to an accepted ‘truth’) but are encouraged to have desire invest the field of perception directly (ie proceed from a constructed ‘truth’). The former is intent on defining a political position that becomes a steadfast and diminishing one whereas the latter, being attracted to what is different from itself and being drawn to connect those differences, is one that can elucidate new areas of politicisation and multiply the points of potential confrontation. Desire is not a ‘single issue’ say Ultra-red and that they theorise their own practice in extensive sleeve-notes is not a measure of their intent to correct “potential misreadings” nor is it the way that a propagandist pedagogy can come into play, but it is a means that, in foregrounding the very problematic of self-expression, they can maintain an autonomy from the majoritarian frame of reference. A crucial factor in this is that the sleeve-notes decrease the distance between the pastoral and its theorisation and thus dissolve the ‘division of labour’ that is operative between ‘musician’ and ‘writer’. By writing about their own music, by providing context and tangents, Ultra-red are both musician and critic

David Behrman: Wave Train (Alga Marghen CD)

Another documentary CD drawn from the 60s output of David Behrman, a member of the Sonic Arts Union and comrade therein with other, perhaps more well known, electronic experimenters... Alvin Lucier, Robert Ashley and Gordon Mumma. This CD opens with a formal piano piece which provides a handy backdrop to the listener being able to fully appreciate the moves Behrman made subsequently. Going by the tracks on this CD these moves revolve around a growing interest in pursuing the possibilities for new timbres away from classical restraint. So from a Cagean prepared piano piece we move into Wave Train where the piano is played by making the piano strings resonate by means of feedback generated guitar mics. The end result makes the piano disincarnate and prosthetic: a humming, shifting, detonal plateau. Behrman licks with the piano so more on Players With Circuits: ‘one performer played a piano, another operated an oscillator and ring modulator, a third handled amplifier gain and tone controls’. If this sounds a little like Stockhausen territory then this is the punk version: vertical cracks open punctured-up traumas as the piano bemoans its audio destruction. Though this CD contains a less successful, and perhaps dated environment recording it ends with R’n Thru: a twelve minute piece for homemade synthesizers realised by the Sonic Arts Union in 1968. Say no more. But. Built timbre and another beginning for a new drive away from instinct. Flint Michigan

Walter Marchetti: Antibarbarus (Alga Marghen CD)

Remarkable CD from Walter Marchetti who, the sleeve notes inform us, has been involved in the European avant-garde since the mid-50s. Containing four 17 minute tracks and a short epilogue of ‘toilet flushing’ Marchetti seems at pains to take the environment recording to a different zone. It might be that our not being told of the

location of these pieces and of the ‘events’ that are occurring therein is the main factor in enhancing their effect. Is he in a cave? Is he underwater? Is he buried beneath the motorway in an acoustic capsule? Is he in a dungeon? Is he swimming in an aquarium? Whatever Marchetti may be is perhaps beside the point, for it is his offer to make the listener listen alongside him that makes this CD a strange and intimate trip. Double drive. What we hear, then, are microscopic aural textures that bring us to a sense of the presence of absence and to a sense of the absence of presence (appropriate cliché). Eventless and pointless but fascinating and active, we pass through sounds that are to some degree static and immobile: they begin and they continue and their repetition-compulsion is achieved without rhythm or is achieved by means of a rhythm that is contiguous. Thus the recordings that Marchetti makes (and perhaps remakes later, adding emphasis and extension) are so full of a sense of solitariness, are so haphazard, that it is almost that we are listening to habitual intricacies, a kind of unconscious soundtrack, a ‘thing-presentation’ in search of an affect rather than a word. Listening with Marchetti and listening easy we know we are building an aural drive. Flint Michigan

Grijs 04 Filter Pedde

Interesting news from Holland. F first EP for that previously unsigned dutch artist. One of the best record I heard lately, electro wise, the usual tempo and structure but the sounds are definitely much harsher, even industrial to a certain extent. Logo side: fucked up double beat-electro with vocoder voices breaks. Flip it for my absolute favorite: the first track on text side. Metallic, nearly funky, twisted groovy beats, still hard electro-ish. I really like that “duu duu duu duu duu duu” (chinese style little melody, you’ll see...) and those really strident medium-highs. And on top of that you get an acidish track. Val

and thus they do not separate their own consciousness of the activity from the end-product of that activity. Such an auto-theoretical component to their work ensures the presence of desire throughout all aspects of the project and makes of it a ‘process’ that can ward-off their potential entry into the homogeneity of such classification as “ambient” or “electronica”. As with other post-media practices such an involuntary project “runs its own line between the terms in play” (4) and marks-out for itself an autonomous space that, in making audible the imperceptibles and being charged by the melding of desire and perception, carries its own safeguards against recuperation. Music is made explicitly political.

Thus Ultra-red mark out their difference by setting-out the terms of an engagement that encourages our own. Difference becomes a force for change rather than an excuse for repression and exclusion, and the increasingly nostalgic coupling of music and propaganda, as riot-beats said to ‘induce’ resistance, as the constant depreciation of the will to act, is, on this CD, becoming a pastoral sound, a ‘feed-forward’, a past-participle, that is antagonistic to the “regulation and sublimation” of desire and seeks instead to “excite willing” by means of atmosphere. Propagandist music doesn’t ask you to become, it doesn’t ask you to enter into your own micro-political process, it asks you to share in the guilt, to conform to pedagogy and discipline and thus to sever desire from perception. By “winning a majority” all that is won is an ever-flailing transparency that knows better. What is lost is the desiring-charge of the imperceptible. With Ultra-red libidinalised music spreads the desublimated difference.

Howard Slater
@ Break/Flow

NOTES

Quotes taken from Ultra-red’s sleeve notes [Mille Plateaux CD 62].

Otherwise:

- (1) Marcel Proust: Remembrance Of Things Past:1, p457 [Penguin 1989]
- (2) Deleuze & Guattari: Thousand Plateaus, p291 [Athlone 1984].
- (3) See Gilles Deleuze: Nietzsche and Philosophy, p12 [Athlone 1986].
- (4) Deleuze & Guattari, ibid, p239.



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Cycloscotch Raw source - CYC 03

A new 12" for that french label already pointed out by outstanding first release “Hubbreaks”, who played an adventurous stepping broken style. 1 cool track, calmer, cleaner (where is the bass gone?). A groovy “techno step”, far more faithful to the french sound, with sexy samples of humming guitars. Val

Peter Pan : The sound of Centipede Passe Muraille PM 012

A winning doublet for french Peter Pan, signing 2 new EPs. PM 12 (hard tek) and Perce Oreille PO 011 (jungle). For the first one, weird 4’4 techno, even housey (Cracking up), full of digital processing. The hard version of Cracking up makes you feel like your

in a food processor. Favorite on the other side (The Dentist), hard hardtek. Core kicks and fast drawn in loops with lots of psychedelic effects, and a good dose of drilling. PO 011, “Nehen Zahl”, is definitely drum & bass. It features 2 tracks with a live drummer and an interesting prose on serial killers. Both available in June. Val

"INVOLUTIONARY MUSIC"

Ultra-red: Second Nature – An Electroacoustic Pastoral [Mille Plateaux]

"Thus it was the time of year at which the Bois de Boulogne displays more separate characteristics, assembles more distinct elements in a composite whole than at any other" (1)

A CD of aural psycho-geography that draws documentary and acoustic sources from a three-year project spent in and around LA's Griffith Park. This park, a well-known site for public sex, is presented as the locus for a political struggle against the specific targeting, entrapment and policing of homosexual men: "to turn a back on the park is to turn back on a sexuality liberated from identity". As part of an activity of reclaiming this public space ("the largest municipal park in the world") Ultra-red make interventions into its dells and rest rooms by means of a rearticulation of public address tactics: a beat-box, placed near-to prohibitive public signs, relays the history of the policing of Griffith Park to passers-by: 37 arrested at once. Dialogues recorded during an occupation of the park tell of the on-going struggle against all measure of prohibitions. From restricted parking and arbitrary charges to the cordoning-off of areas through to the random closure of the entire park, the policing of a supposedly 'free' space is foregrounded at the same time that liberal intentions of providing "recreation for the masses" is made to reveal its oppressive and repressed face – an imperviousness to meanings other than the one it itself has sanctioned. These dialogues, with their merging of resistance, suspicion and celebration, also make audible the unrecognised complexities of a politics based around the power of pleasure. As with the free-party scene, an organised hedonism claiming its right to pleasure is one that becomes sensitised to a dual-pronged policing of monitoring and restricted movement that infers, almost by auto-suggestion, that the pursuit of such hedonism should be

"INVOLUTIONARY MUSIC"



channelled in the direction of commodified pleasures. Against such authoritarianism it organises to defend its right to differentiate from a 'mass' that can admit of no nuances. However, Ultra-red, in intervening in the park, collecting experiences and publicising their findings, come to occupy the paradoxical position of being an incipient authority. Yet, just as they are mistaken for Park Rangers they seem, as with their use of public-address tactics, to be detouring the techniques of surveillance and information-gathering into a means of creating their 'pastoral' at the same time that, by foregrounding their political intentions within the pastoral, they depict how any vaguely interrogative behaviour or will-to-organise can carry an authoritative component. Thus we move from hearing a Park Ranger asking Ultra-red for a sample flyer to the fine, auto-critical instance when two Ultra-red interviewers each respond differently to one protester's hesitant question "are you taping?" One responds with a "yes" the other with a "No". That their responses are overlaid, becoming a simultaneous yes/no, means that our attention is thus drawn to the hazards of a documentary practice at the same time that it decodes technological equipment as 'inherently truthful'.

This points to Ultra-red's use of such equipment on this CD. Second Nature is in no way simply an informative documentary that seeks to make visible the micro-political struggle of Griffith Park. Instead it works intriguingly as a politicisation of the musique-concrete approach that not only avoids aestheticising our notion of the environment but, in being resistant to pedagogy, also avoids the pitfalls of functioning as propaganda. Rather than posit a rhetoric of speech there is, with this CD, a divergent micropolitics of sound in that the field-recordings taken from the park are not plundered and transplanted into a music industry arena to function as 'radical chic', but are tracked and treated to work transversally as an ever-present ambience, an evocation of the context from which the CD was crafted. Thus the atmosphere of the park plays an important role for Ultra-red as it is an ambience that is inflected with the presence of sexual desire (the sounds of furtive sex in Lewd Conduct) whilst at the same time being inflected by the social desire for free-space in general (the sound of helicopters in Auto body). This foregrounding of desire gives rise to points of crossing for the listener: switching devices between the sexual and the social where a 'single issue' becomes a group concern. It also posits Ultra-red as indistinguishable from the struggles around Griffith Park. They are active proponents, a groupuscule who, by making the 'local' struggle operate in a

wider register become involuntaries rather than revolutionaries. This being-between documentary and musique concrete, between public and private, between politics and music means that the process of differentiation, of singularisation, can come to subvert a majoritarian frame of reference; a generalising and thus exclusory mechanism that Ultra-red identify as "the bourgeois sphere and its definitions of a homogenised public where antagonism requires regulation and sublimation". This homogeneity is undercut by Ultra-red's micropolitical practice. The documentary material that is gathered is researched to the extent that it begins to reveal, within say the so-called homogeneity of 'Queer culture', the presence of conflictual differences that undermine the stereotypes of the mobile and affluent gay: the class dimension of queer culture is raised. The material is tracked for its idiosyncrasy just as the surroundings of the Park are tracked for the sensitive and precarious balance between constriction and freedom: arrests are being made under bogus pretexts but Ultra-red proceed in a sexing of the atmosphere that, by being made sonic, introduces an unconscious subversion of the 'natural'. Griffith Park becomes the Bois de Boulogne becomes any quarry or ruin or open field that is made to resound with unwanted sound. The source material of the field-recordings is similarly explored and the tracing of its 'making-different' seem to be suggestive of a seeking after the 'other' of naturalised sound that itself can take on an antagonistic quality. If our first nature is conditioned then our second and third natures are the exploration of de-conditioning. The juddering rhythms of Auto body and the use of an 'acid-line' on Pleasure Grounds seem to make this point musically: the familiarity of a 303 is made unfamiliar by its being ridden of bass and its divergence from techno orthodoxy thus figures the shift of a paradigm that has become second nature.

Thus the field-recordings do not just function as an ambience but their being processed as sound sources that are treated, interrupted and magnified as sound fragments has the effect of deepening the political dimensions of the CD. As with the simultaneous 'yes/no' the previously imperceptible can come to switch gears and be made audible just as that which is over-familiar becomes perceptible again. Do we hear the sound of crickets or is it the formerly infrasonic

sound of overhead pylons? The sound-sources become sound-molecules and their being-between the natural and the produced, the electronic and the acoustic, music and sound, is presented as a further means of differentiation where the sound-molecules, in eluding categorisation, come to operate as an "active medium of becoming" (2). Our inability to distinguish an exact source to the sounds has the effect of enlivening us to aural details that propel becoming by disabling us from making the usual identifications. Thus, with the accent upon production as transformation, Ultra-red's project is micro-political in that it seeks-after relation. A surmounting of differences, witnessed as the generalising and 'all-inclusive' ethos of a liberal-capitalist frame of reference, is a way to make "distinct elements" become imperceptible again. Even to each other. In place of this closure and blockage, where with everything pinned-down, there is no 'becoming', Ultra-red, as "pinko-commiescum", offer a variegation that cannot but elude such frameworks. The molecularisation of sound, not leaving sound undisturbed, thus becomes a spur to the transformation of theoretical concepts. The title of the CD 'Second Nature' makes reference to the Marxist theory of reification where capitalism becomes imperceptible as a social system and is experienced as a second nature that cannot be questioned. Ultra-red, however, reclaim the notion of a second nature and, in their transformation of the 'natural' field-recordings, offer that they are composing "an ambient pastoral which retraces its steps from the given". Producing nature differently. And so Ultra-red return to the classical notion of a 'pastoral music' and re-inflect it with a divergent meaning: no longer the natural as a model of behaviour or as a utopian originary-point, but the pastoral here becomes the exploration of libidinal energy – a natural being de-naturalised. The park is in our living room and Ultra-red imply, through their socio-poetics of sound intervention, that there can be a 'non-human' sex in the sense that a 'given' erogenous zone can be produced differently. It can be autonomous from the innate instinct of identity and gender division and can make perversity an element of its freedom. The sound of people fucking becomes an intensified revelation of the ever-present libidinal-charge of music in that any cutaneous region can be an indirect source of sexuality. Vinyl is skin. Sound and sex merge when centrality is given to desire: "Public sex is thus a transgression on the level of acoustics". On this CD Ultra-red work on undermining a consensus that doesn't know itself as one but knows that it is happy to be afraid of a diffuse social desire it is constructed to deny it has.

pursue such a reversal as this would undermine his intent to show that an uncontested power can lead to absolutism. Pasolini is thus establishing the chateau as a place where phantasy is attempting to overcome reality, where, to use Freudian terms, it is intended that the pleasure principle out-strip the reality principle. In *Salò*, then, Pasolini has it that the suspension of permutability and the absence of a resistance that would mark 'reality' have been guaranteed by the political ratification of the constitution that institutes the 'phantasy' world of the chateau. But, in making their desires enforceable by law, in their reliance upon the Madame's stories and, crucially, their adherence to the phantasy/reality dichotomy, Pasolini has the Masters' absolutism show itself as a psychosis where "there is an erasure of desire and a replacement of the latter by pure, dry, abstract intention" [6].

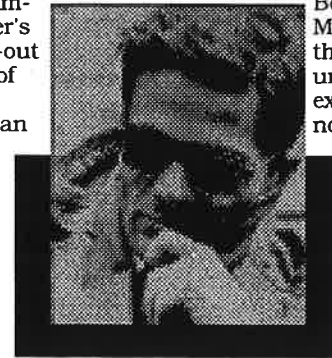
The audience are aware that there will be a cumulative effect during *Salò*. The film is inexorably moving towards the final circle. The circle of Death. There will be killings. But how does this desire for murder come to the Masters? In a key speech one of the Masters explains that a Slave's wailing can do nothing but increase his sexual appetite. Such sadism, perhaps interpretable as innately 'evil', is explicit throughout the film, but Pasolini, careful not to lend credence to such a metaphysical reading, does hint at how this desire for killing occurs: it is tied to the power that is invested in the Masters; a power that frees them from social restraint. In this way Pasolini's use, on the soundtrack, of the ominous drone of overhead planes is a means by which he establishes both the 'situatedness' of events and hints at the unconscious libidinal motivation of the Masters. Is it this sound that creates an accelerating momentum? The planes are more than likely those of the Allies coming to 'liberate' Italy and thus the opportunities that the chateau offers are registered by the Masters as being short-lived. From this it could be that the Masters experience a tension, an anxious panic that spurs their desire to reach the peak of fulfillment. Yet also, the sound of the planes is an indication of the 'world out there' and as such it acts as a spur to the Masters' sadism in that this sadism could be a way that they defensively reinforce their 'imaginary' world within the chateau: by reaching the 'peaks' of sadistic killing they can blot out the reality of the outside world and by becoming overwhelmed by their desires they can attempt to transcend their reality [7]. Another of Pasolini's hints as to the reasons behind such sadism could be figured by his depiction of the accumulation of perversions. Except for the focus on the anus and sodomy that predominate in every circle there is no return to specific stories or scenarios. Nothing is enacted twice. Perhaps Pasolini is here hinting at the momentum that is gained through the enactment of a perversion whereby a series of connections occur that seem unstoppable and which seek the thrill of transgressing what has already been established as the norm. This is seen at the mock wedding ceremony when one of the Masters caresses everyone as he moves through the entourage from bride to groom to the armed guards and is also seen in the way that the anal fetish moves into the sexualisation of shit.

However, the final scenes of the torturing to death of some of the Slaves in the courtyard seems to arrive at the same time as the impotence of the Masters becomes more clearly registered. In amongst these scenes there is a sequence in which one of the Masters puts his hand into another's trousers to feel for arousal and this is further insisted upon when we see one of the Masters in the courtyard whipping, screaming and yelling words that we cannot hear. The latter's demeanour and posture, the way that he is lashing out in such a way as not to pay attention to the victim of his lash, takes an explanation of his pleasure away from sadism and towards an indication of its being an

expression of implacable frustration: the short-circuiting of phantasy coupled to the replacement of desire with an instinctual and non-conscious reflex? Whilst it has been offered that sadism is co-determined by its victim it is almost as if the scenes of torture that we are presented with are somehow showing us something more primal than sadism: it is the lust for death, a psychosis, which is being simultaneously enacted throughout the culture in the form of war. But the Masters are still in control at the same time that they are out of control. This control has been paramount throughout *Salò* by means of the storytelling, the laws of the chateau, the rituals of mock marriage and deflowering etc. and it is further communicated by the way that the scenes of torture are concurrently viewed through 'opera-glasses' by both the Masters and the audience. This serves many purposes: it reinforces the distance remarked upon earlier in that the viewer is witness to the deliberate distancing which allows for our seeing fully at the same time as enticing us to think about what we see (emphasised by opera-glasses standing in for camera); it emphasises the voyeuristic theme both of the Masters and of ourselves as spectators (hence this makes for very uncomfortable viewing in light of the horror we are 'witness' to); and for the Masters it increases the sensation of their being in control and out of control at the same time [8]. This latter point, as exemplified by the Master who throws a 'tantrum' while he lashes out, is perhaps the only point in *Salò* where Pasolini allows for the conscious authority of the Masters to appear weakened. For if it is that the relationship between Masters and Slaves is one that is permutable, then the Masters, as part of their phantasy, have created a situation where they have "done away with this permutability" and doled-out the solidified roles of separable 'Masters' and 'Slaves'. The element of non-conscious, instinctual frustration intensifies this denial of permutability and so, as repression, it intensifies its registration in the unconscious and thus brings emphasis to "the role which the subject does not enact in the acting-out" [10]. Taking this as an insight into *Salò*'s final circle we see how the Masters, in killing the Slaves, are unconsciously killing themselves. Their being both in and out of control is then a way that this permutability, the mutual dependence, is expressed but denied and this disavowal takes as its tax the slaying of the Slaves. Pasolini's depiction of the tortures and killing in the final circle is thus perhaps not just simply a depiction of the lengths the Masters would go in order to protect their phantasy of mastery from the incursion of social-reality, but it is a marker of the malfunctioning of their desire and the increasing inadequacy of their powers of phantasising. Their psychosis assures their viewing the slaves as 'non-desirers', as people devoid of possibilities for mutual inherence, as subhumans. Being able, with all the power invested in them, to imagine anything, the Masters can imagine only suicide and enact nothing other than death. Their desire, no longer reliant upon the metabolistic play of reality and phantasy, returns to draw upon the asocial instinct from whence it once came.

So far we have concentrated on the Masters, but what of the Slaves? It is no surprise that we have not focussed to closely on the Slaves for Pasolini is intent on studying the regressive, primal power of the Masters and in order to achieve this it is necessary that the 'closed vessel' of the chateau and the psychotic actions that occur therein take precedence within the film. An animalistic atmosphere thus permeates *Salò* and this is heightened by Pasolini's 'objective' depiction of the Slaves.

Being the playthings, the tools, of the Masters and with the Masters in control of the chateau, there would be very little space under such a regime for the Slaves to express themselves. Pasolini is thus careful not to elicit our sympathies through charac-



"LONG LIVE DEATH"

terisation of the Slaves and in this way he dispenses with the accustomed cinematic device of audience identification with a single individual character or with an identifiable spokesperson. This has grave consequences for conventional interpretations of the film in that the Slaves are shown in their suffering, but it is a suffering that is placed within a framework from which sentiment and personalised attachment to character has been removed. Such devices of identification often encumber a more objective filmmaking and so Pasolini's jettisoning of these has other complex resonances. For one the suffering we are made witness to is not then able to be presented as a metaphorical or religious suffering. This is borne out by the absence of close-ups in *Salò*, particularly the absence of full screen facial close-ups, in the manner of Dreyer's *The Passion of Joan Of Arc*, that frame the suffering with an air of explanatory martyrdom. Pasolini could thus be accused of being dispassionate but, as with the shooting of the 'red' character, Pasolini is offering instead a means of audience identification with a larger group of characters. That the Slaves that comprise this metaphorical 'class' are interchangeable is registered by viewers being unable to single out particular individual Slaves and thus, whilst Pasolini presents the Slaves as the Masters' see them, he is careful to elicit our sympathies in relation to their powerlessness by simultaneously presenting them as 'non-object objects'. It is this aspect of Pasolini's filmmaking skill, his achieving a balance between passionate objectivity and group identification, his merging, in a single frame, of such multiple and divergent points of view, that encourages the viewer to look for ways that the Slaves could alter their situation. Throughout *Salò*, then, it seems that the Slave's very absence of will, their slavishness, has the effect of instilling will within the viewer – a will without which the experience of watching *Salò* would be unbearable. Such a will, concocted from the polysemy, allows the viewer to pick-up on Pasolini's very subtle articulation of the 'spaces of freedom' which the Slaves have open to them. We have already mentioned the potential reversibility of the Master/Slave relationship and Pasolini's rejection of this option and it follows that the choices open to the Slaves are far from positive. At one extreme there is the choice of suicide and Pasolini depicts this in the first circle where one of the more rebellious girls is discovered with her throat cut. It could be that the suicide option, linked closely in sequence to the 'red's' suicidal bid for freedom is, for Pasolini, see as the more 'noble' and preferred option. It is, it seems, preferable to the widespread complicity which is the main way that Pasolini depicts the Slaves ability to negotiate their captivity and wrestle some space. Such complicity is first seen when one of the boy Slaves turns his head to voluntarily kiss one of the Masters and is seen later in the film when one of the male Slaves is filmed making love to a Master. Here it is implied that if the Slaves can voluntarily accede to their debasements they can maybe become indispensable to the Masters and potentially secure themselves from disfigurement and death. This also points, ambiguously, to the role of tenderness in creating some minute spaces of freedom and rebellion, for there are a number of occasions when Pasolini is concerned to create just such an atmosphere amidst the debasement; a temporary equality between Masters and Slaves. Even so, the way that Pasolini depicts the relationships between Slaves, and most particularly, the way he chooses not to include any scenes of solidarity between the Slaves, is just as revealing. What he achieves by this neglect is to depict the way that under a regime of brutality and complete disempowerment it becomes always a matter of each person looking out for themselves: the separation between the Masters and the Slaves is mirrored by the separation of Slave from Slave. This is borne out towards the end of *Salò* when the Slaves each 'tell tales' on each other to save themselves. A sequence which ends in the shooting of a Slave who has been caught making love with the black servant. Though these spaces of tenderness are only minutely drawn it was initially hinted at in one scenario where the Masters watch two Slaves making love and feel the need to interrupt as if they have been agitated by viewing a genuine exchange of tenderness. This tenderness is perhaps

made most explicit when the Master is led to discover the Slave and the black servant. It is this scene which ends the chain of betrayals for neither utters a word to save themselves though the Slave offers up a Nazi salute. Is it the profanity of this salute that causes the Slave to be shot? Is it a quick-witted ruse that is equally quickly judged? For what authentic Nazi would sleep with a black servant? Is it rather that this moment of tenderness has escaped the chateau's rules in that it is an alliance between a slave and a servant? An alliance that is genuinely tender in that it not only marks the end of the sequence of betrayals but eludes the chateau's self-serving corruption where intercourse is the only form of communication and sexual desire the only form that it is possible for desire to take? As with the killing of the 'red' this scene is in the manner of an execution that affords the Master no sexual gratification. Like the sound of the planes it is a further reminder of the 'outside world' and carries with it the threat that it is possible for two people to conjoin. Worse, for two races to conjoin. So, the two are executed for the crime of effortlessly transgressing the law of the chateau, for reminding the Master of his own desperately sought and increasingly impotent transgressions. They are shot by the Master in order for him to maintain control for the two have momentarily displayed their subjectivity, their desire, and this exercising of their choice must needs be eradicated in order to maintain the level of commodification of the Slaves necessary for the fulfilment of the Masters' phantasies. The ruthless swiftness of the execution, the way Pasolini introduces this sole moment of inter-subjective solidarity and then erases it, is one means by which Pasolini does not trick us into a position where our response becomes over-emotionalised but are offered the position of being conscious of our own emotional responses to what we see.

Along with the Master's wives, the storytelling Madame and the pianist, the armed guards form the other character 'block' of *Salò*. With the possible exception of the storyteller they are more integral to the film especially as it is their armed presence which prevents the Slaves from escaping. Pasolini's depiction of the guards comes to function for the viewer as a means of referencing this film towards the concentration camps of World War Two. Of course there is no explicit reference drawn, no narrative positioning of them as concentration camp guards, but their very presence takes the idea of complicity further. Being the hired guards they partake in the 'scraps from the Masters' table': when one of them sodomises a girl Slave in the refectory he is asked, not so much ordered, to also sodomise one of the Masters. So too, the guards become more and more involved in the orgies when they are groped as they guard the wedding ritual. Further groping ensues as does their participation in scenarios that they do not construct themselves but which they participate in as part of the slipstream of the masters' rituals. The extent of the guards complicity is perhaps only really drawn with any force when, during the final circle when all draws to a head, the pianist stops playing, rises and moves to the window. From there she looks out into the courtyard and then throws herself out of the window. This



it is resuscitated (as it is here) it has a chance of eluding its categorisation (tracking back to Cage and Varese and). Where does originality end and imitation start? And why is this always a bogus question?

Eddie Miller

Various: The Men You'll Never See EP Clone 10

Holland meets Detroit in a time-zone intersection that's eluded GMT. First up its Electronome who unknowingly (?) resurrects the likes of DAF in the spirit of Chris and Cosey: synth drum slash rather than snare, rolling sequencer juggling and pidgin-english vocoder vocals. Next it's I-H. More vocoder vocals and a vague, doomy 'leaving the planet' funk. Still in the

probably be some hipsters club in London where people are rediscovering the joys of electronic disco while carrying 70s Adidas sports bags. That said this track is a lot rougher than Moroder etc. and would make fine inroads into a pub jukebox, but it doesn't do enough else to merit closer listening attention. It's a track that's not quite commercial enough to do business but not developed or transformed enough to do the business. A disappointing record, perhaps compounded by the break-down that wants to alleviate the monotony rather than let monotony weave its magic. It's as if Marcel King never happened. Come on Viewlexx.

Flint Michigan

Speedranch Jansky Noise / Anthony Child: Andrew Read (Fat Cat)

Another split 12 from Fat Cat sees heterogeneous collaging from Speedranch/Jansky on the opener where a hip-hop beat is busted open and cut-up and interfered with by various bits of clamant deities: test tone, scratch-slashes, dissolute guitar, horror noise etc. Next up is a rising synth-pitch intro where, when all the notes arrive, there is a gradual layering of noises into a squeaking cacophony that gradually lessens and allows for the narrative resolution of descending pitch. Neat chaos. Flipside has collaboration between guitarist Andrew Read and Anthony

Child (aka Surgeon) where the latter

treats and re-processes the former. Their opening track 'Guitar Treatments 6' makes the guitar into a little noise generator that is not afraid of the spaces that can be filled by discrete whirs, click-laminations and molecular folds. That there's no real centre or spine here makes the track have a very tactile and enticing effect that is perhaps lacking from 'Guitar Treatments 7' which has, albeit muted, an anthemic quality where the guitar is no longer a guitar but an organ it is easier to attach

journalistic adjectives to.

Flint Michigan

Fennesz: Hotel Paralel (Mego 16)

If post-rock was really pre-punk with none of the pomposity taken out of it and if rock means it's got to have a guitar in it then this Fennesz CD is the first or last rock release which probably means it can escape from being gentrified. Released in '1997' doesn't really mean anything when John Cage and Varese are still alive and, aside from one or two tracks with a more conventional structure/sound (szabo), Fennesz has here implied that its possible to be heterogeneous without having recourse to jumping about all over the

place and then calling it consistent. On tracks like sz and santora it seems like the fragments of atomised-guitar, staticked-plectrum and cable-string aren't laid out consecutively but occur concurrently beneath one another in a use of the vertical space of sound. This stacking of 'events' without ever over-layering and obliterating the space leads to an appreciation of the tracks as immersive, as a presenced present rather than as a journey towards denouement. In this way the detail made possible by digital processing, the measured use of such clusters of detail, seems to make it possible for Fennesz to build noises up and exercise a greater control over the proportion of their components. The guitar and other machines.

Flint Michigan

Pure: The End Of Vinyl (Mego 15)

Not so much the end of vinyl as two tracks made up from shards and fragments culled from track run-offs this CD has an unassuming air and provokes fascination with the idea that the unheard micro-grooves of records are assembling and coming back to haunt a listener who has never even heard them. The first track works more in the vein of assembling clusters of sounds and giving them a staggered rhythm that is staggered in the mix. The second has more of a linear and portentous quality ensured by a bone of droning bass that is punctured by smaller events: static hiss unwinding into a ringing dot...

Flint Michigan

Goem: Dertig cm (Mego 19)

Four tracks made from an old piece of hospital equipment, a pulse generator called a 'student simulator', has the effect here of melding unfamiliar tones to beat-driven structures where the blips are deepened to give anchorage. These tracks come across like techno super-group Unit Moebius where repetition and subtle phasing make the listener alive to nuance and receptive to background echoes whilst playing on the techno paradigm of beat becoming note. Minimalism is here assured by the fact that the Dertig tracks don't involve any other sound source than the treatments, phasings and layerings of the pulse generator which gives them their focussed quality – the generator is being explored to the degree that its timbral dirt-hiss is being included rather than cleared away and in thus setting such 'limits' to the possible outcome (using what

you've got) Goem offer us a strange hybrid between monotony and polyphony that puts the stress on the structuring of the tracks.

Flint Michigan

Various: Three Compositions for Machines (Staalplaat)

As with Goem the emphasis on the tracks collected here is on composing for a single machine and sticking to its timbral range. Here Mika Vaino, Pita and Charlemagne Palestine compose on three custom-made machines developed by C.Schlage and the results make up this live recording. That they were performed as part of a 'Masterclass' festival may be ironic, but it may also lead to the sneaking suspicion that 'classical' notions of 'craft' and 'musicianship' are sneaking into the electronic culture which may be one of the downsides of the post-techno cross-fertilisation of experimentation in 'sound material' (techno is getting 'closer' to punk?). That said it is revealing that of the three composers on offer here it is Charlemagne Palestine (a recently-remembered american minimalist composer) who makes his 'instrument' sound the least mechanical but the most machine-like. Vaino and Pita seem to thrash about on their machines and place the impetus of their compositions on 'action' and 'drama'. This may be an outcome of the limitations of their allotted machines but Palestine's piece doesn't shy away from a simple approach: a series of 'whirring pipes' rise in pitch one after the other as if the sounds where generated by just flicking a switch. Once all the pipe-sounds are in motion their intensity seems to be increased by volume adjustments until one by one they are 'switched-off' and their pitch descends. Affective.

Flint Michigan

I.S.O.: I.S.O. (Alcohol CD03)

A CD of improvised electronics from Japanese trio ISO where the accent is on maintaining the spaces between the sounds and creating a subtly rising incline in the music. That the tracks are beatless makes for rhythms that are either abstract and tending towards a kind of supple and interactive flow or that are accented as controlled surges. Overall there's a neatness throughout the CD that is reflected in a production job that, depending on mood, either softens the overall effect and limits the potential of the timbre or allows for a clear separation of sources. That this CD is caught somewhere between a live ambience and/or studio recording maybe doesn't do ISO justice?

Flint Michigan

Philip Corner: From the Judson years (Alga Marghen CD)

First time release for this collection of early 60s tape pieces made and constructed by post war avant-garde shadow figure Philip Corner. Cropping up as a Fluxus activist and as a ever expanding footnote to the official histories of American music, Corner, on his request of Alga Marghen's Emanuele Carcano, made a trip into the wilderness to liberate these tape pieces from a music archive. What we're faced with is rough and ready experimentalism where forms in symbiosis with content and process is audible. From the opening piece crafted literally at the kitchen sink through to tape mixes of collaged classical recordings and an electronic composition made at Columbia University, Corner makes audible an energy and enthusiasm to take music to an 'untimely' place. If this isn't all then Oracle, An Electronic Cantata On Images Of War, is a heterogeneous masterpiece: scrapes, clangs, hums, trumpets, marching orders, speech fragments, a spinning toilet seat and lots more are assembled into a paradoxical coherence. Depth mix and dirty timbre from 1962.

Flint Michigan

reviews continued on page 25

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80s the Detroit side opens with D.I.E. who stay far too close to the now over-used Kraftwerk blueprint i.e. Trans-Europe Express. Adult round-off the EP with a synth-pop ditty that takes very few risks with the formula. The interesting aspect of this EP is not so much the music itself as the overall sense you get of this analogue-machine-pop functioning as nostalgia for some and a brave new world for others. Either way there's less and less room for manoeuvre.

Flint Michigan

The Parallax Corporation: Lift Off Viewlexx

At the right time in the wrong place this track could create some kind of buzz. Unfortunately the place would

Novamen: EP (Murder Capital 03)

Four tracks. Two straight down the line electro numbers that don't stretch the genre like the other Murder Capital releases did. Except for some enhancements these tracks are firmly lodged in 1984 and their being affixed there is made certain by the use of several samples (oh, no it's Kraftwerk again). Flipside has a poppy-ditty to open (oh, no it's the Human League again) and the EP is rounded off by a track whose beat-box and bass judders are ruined by a vocoder whose phrasing is exactly where it should be i.e. so right it's wrong. Electro is definitely being overdone. It's being done to death. Dead genre. What a shame.

Flint Michigan

DEADLY SYSTEMS
Summer Releases
Vinyl
DS-006 Somatic Response
DS-007 Praxis USA (2x12)
DS-008 Deadly Buda vs.
Ron D. Gore
Tapes
DST1 Reverse Engineered
DST2 Normopath Fear Inducer
Information...
The Deadly Type #2M

b.s.e. (bad sector electro)

The wholesale packaging of electro has an inevitability of occurrence that matches an inevitability of process. Whilst the machinations of cultural reterritorialisation normally offer us no new insights other than a slightly glowing, but always dying, spark of diversion - the colonisation of electro has provided (perhaps) some food for thought. Not a reason to detect the onset of cultural crisis theory, just food for thought.

The pairing up of bigbeat and breakbeat/hip-hop derived electro was always the first inevitability, due mainly to the stronghold that bigbeat had in the commercial marketplace (the dreamed of crossover between indie and rock buying mentalities and dance' infinite mix format). The demented concept of 'nu-skool breaks' was even invented to cement the process even further and allow a number of bigbudget-straight-out-of-nowhere operations to flourish (Fuel, etc). Teetering on the brink of this was the open hand extended to the likes of Pharma and the numerous labels that their producers inhabit, causing an almost polarising split within the work of the producers themselves between jump-up party beats electro and the more demanding (and absorbing) 'industrial swingbeat' style that usually ends up padding out the Electric Ladyland series on Mille Plateaux. Whilst this industrial swingbeat has its moments, it leaves itself wide open to proximity based co-optation by the bigbeat corporate machine, especially when the tracks begin to sacrifice quality for quantity, quickly leaving behind the stinging nastiness and total disorientation that the better industrial swingbeat tracks signify.

The techno strain of electro has always held more promise, with the feel-bad factor and industrial funk dirge noises being pioneered through the Haag, across various German labels, and now in the UK. Always tangential to this has been the uneasy 80's revival that has been overshadowed by a wholesale cultural / commercial re-investment in 80's culture. This hasn't, as yet, produced an '80's mix' suffix to techno tracks, proving either a difficulty or reluctance to replicate this sound - instead we have numerous missing-presumed-dead popstars making a live package trip style comeback. The only wholesale exception to this mode of operation has been the overhyped and diabolical Add n to (x). Inevitably this has taken the edge off some of the hardcore retrofuturist and neuromantic tracks, with producers having to dig in hard to resurrect those disconcerting synth riffs and spindly melodies that formed the late 70's early 80's techno-pop offerings. Thus, the latest collection by D'Arcangelo on Rephlex sounds both fresh and tainted by the past, whilst the heavily delayed album by i-F (now being pushed by Disko-B after nearly 12 months delay on Interdimensional Transmissions) sounds like a bad joke wearing very thin very quickly. The quirky mystique of 2 or 3 of the tracks soon giving way to an 'over the counter' electro feel. A more up to date report on Haag activity is given elsewhere in the review section, though one detected a watershed when the relaunched Viewlexx imprint debuted with an Electronome 12 that managed to occupy space in most record shop fronts. Before you could say 'time for a rethink' Ferenc and the other figures had re-strategised their campaign and taken the unusual step back into re-animating the 'high-energy' disco classics with minimal bleeps and bass and a pre-techno tracking speed of little over 120bpm. Of course, their game was up before they had even laid down their joker cards, with Wire reviewers like Peter Shapiro muscling in on the 'in joke'. Obviously, rethinking is not enough.

Returning to the impact of techno-electro on the techno scene then ample evidence was gleaned from track titles, remix projects, review columns, etc. From Plastikman to The Advent, to Komputer, to the obnoxious Dave Clarke - electro was definitely 'in' once again. That most of these producers were failing to capture the fleeting and now fleeing spirit of punk-electronics came as no surprise, and (similarly to big beat) the scene is being cemented by the barcode branding of 'tech-house'. A quick listen through Justin Berkovi's continued Force Inc output 'After the Night' sets the mood here: very clever programming, smooth noises, the occasional clunk and clank, and just enough references to electro on 3 or 4 of the tracks - the overbearing impression one gets is of a sign hanging in the door of a wine bar: "Smart But Casual". So where has the feel-bad factor and industrial funk retreated to, for surely what has the courage to step out of the overtly industrial

genre is not bound to be swallowed up by the sickly tags of either tech-house or Panasonic style obtusity?

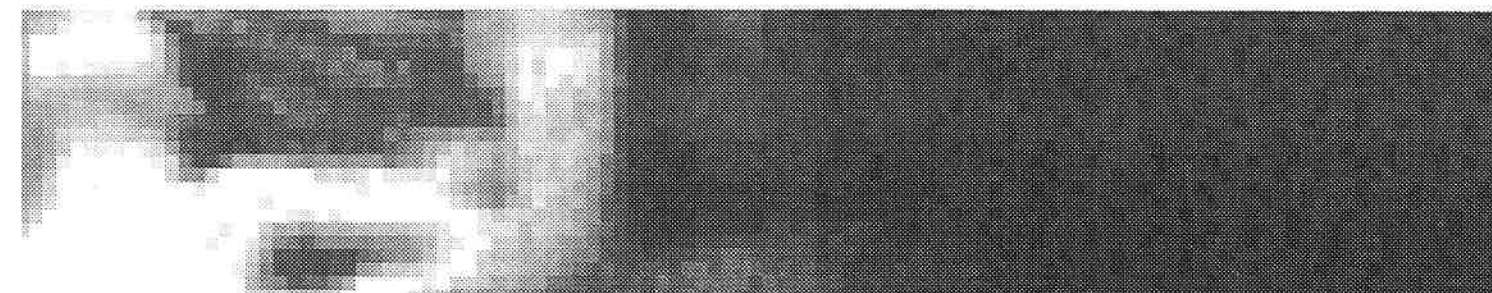
What is occurring is a hardened autonomy of intention, creating seemingly local pockets of sound and structure codes, blueprints that change with geographical location. Two cases in point are Leeds based ScSi and Edinburgh based Penalty.

ScSi grew from the meeting point of experimental tech dj Daz quayle, and the burgeoning studio work of Carl Finlow (Voice Stealer, Scarletron, Random Factor). Having already shared the credits on 2 releases on cult German electronic label Klang, Quayle decided to launch the ScSi imprint to capture the specific sound that he, Finlow and Nick Simpson had been working towards. About to release its fourth release, the sounds, feel and packaging are expressed solely by this hardened cell of activists, who wish to do nothing more than push an ultra-futurist, feel-bad, minimal funk. Their first release sees four separately named projects draw on the Leeds gothic tradition filtered through that same city's biomechanical blips and bleeps that momentarily scarred the futureproofed beginnings of rave culture. Scarletron revisits Jason's teen slasher set, The Unit bolster the Haag's cleanly produced electro grunge sound, Silicon Scally provide a slo-mo frame by frame murder sequence, while Slick reverberate an electro-skank around an air lock chamber. Carl Finlow holds court on ScSi 2, with a double pack that glimpses his darker psyche through extreme 'stalking' tracks and his trademark machine funk interjections. The tracks are less minimal than his smoother 80's viruses, using the riffs to trap overlaid speeded up and slowed down electronic drags and bursts. ScSi 3 is devoted to Slick - four soundtracks from an orbiting, dysfunctional, space station, where the bass just rolls and and kills everything in its path...Any evidence of a polished sound in production is surrendered in the 4th installment, a collection of 8 tracks and 8 loops that draw in disk error sounds, sampler breakdowns and a huge array of dirty timbres. The producers stick religiously to the 'ruffy' format - bringing in bad sector sounds individually, in layers, or often as a singularity fired off for just a few bars. The overawing impression is of techno-collapse, simulating the atmosphere relayed via a black box of the last few minutes of a suspended and doomed aircraft, before contact with the ground rips all material to useless shreds. The definition of funk is re-opened, stripping it down to an absolute minimum and then pushing it into new domains, building it up again....

Penalty seems more concerned with tackling the concept of electro than of pushing it in a singular direction, their planned series of 5 x 4 track eps smashing away complacency and security in both production and consumption. Being part of Sativae (and Drought) gives them a head start, able to draw on a tradition of disturbing the techno format - reinvesting loops with suspicious samples and chaotic arrangements. The latest release, Penalty 3, is the strongest in terms of achieving an objective of (painfully) dissecting its subject - the four tracks stretch electro in totally different directions, minimising a linking co-ordinate between the tracks themselves, and between each track and a super-market shelf definition of electro. Sugar Experiment Station introduce us to the 'Violent Nurse' - taking a maybe sweet electro melody and distorting it beyond repair, then reverberating some loops on the top. DJ Valium mocks us with 'Electro Jazz' - stretching the bond between its object and its distorted destination to the limit (allegedly a snare remains?), sounding like scratched Kraftwerk synched with an old 78 played at 33 (or less). Silver Locusts 'A Barren Garden' is a preview of a wider concern regarding spoken word tracks, whilst Berkovi's ominously titled 'Razor Blade / Bucket of Water' blows away his 'over the counter' trackwork for other labels with a superb metallic echo and chanted lyric reminiscent of '2nd Edition' era PiL. Backtracking to Penalty 1 and 2 you find equally disturbing work by the likes of Carl Finlow (his awesome 'Invisible Light' on Penalty 1), Tobias Schmidt (who digs up 78 era Cabaret Voltaire and electrocutes them), and The Sketchers (who specialise in that 'electro through the graters' sound). The bad sector is being re-explored...

Autotoxicity

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suicide, the second in *Salo*, quietly, without any words of protest from the pianist, without any didactic moralism from Pasolini, without even any direct reference to what the pianist sees or what she feels, with no point of view shot, this suicide casts back a shadow over the guards and what they have done in response to the same situation. At one level, the guards being soldiers, know that indiscipline or mutiny or failure to comply with orders - though none are issued to the guards - will end in their own execution. And so too, the pianist knows that any expression of concern or disgust will only be a spur to the Masters to brutalise and sacrifice her. Against the backdrop of the pianist's suicide, which, like the minuscule spaces of tenderness won by the Slaves, seems to offer, as a negative injunction, the possibility that 'something' could be done, the guard's complicity begins to emerge from the background of the film to the point that it comes to make up the final scene of *Salo*. Here two guards are listening to the radio whilst the tortures proceed in the courtyard. They talk about their wives and one changes the station with the radio dial. Here a classical piece of music that seemed like the score happening 'off-stage' is changed to upbeat music and the two of them dance. Being the last scene into which all that has preceded seems to feed, this scene carries much within it. Firstly, the sudden change of music implies that the guards, being armed, have the power to change the situation within the chateau. They do not the will to change it. In fact the guards (as has been said of concentration camp guards) treat their duty as a sojourn from the tribulations of the front. Their dance at the end, dancing out of the film and returning to normality so to speak, not only jars the viewing and denies resolution, but it brings into relief their acceptance and collusion with what is going on around them at the same time that by drawing on the 'dance' motif -



la Ronde - much used in Italian cinema [10]. Pasolini makes a kind of reference to the way such barbarity goes on and on and is in fact upheld by an often unthinking complicity such as that exhibited by the guards. The guards' sadism is depicted by Pasolini as arising from their lack of intervention and it is as self-serving as that of the Masters even if it is less concerned with inflicting actual bodily harm. The guards, in being able to switch instantly into enjoying themselves as they dance, in being able to so effortlessly forget what is going on in the courtyard, are similarly treating the Slaves as 'things' ('non-desirers'). Such compulsory servitude as that of the Slaves thus comes to resonate with the voluntary servitude of the guards: they are depicted as in 'possession' of their own subjectivity and hence their desires, but they have chosen to be subjugated; to become non-conscious and without conscience. ***

In conclusion it is possible to say that *Salo* achieves something rare in film. Not only is this an intensely political film that examines the projection of a power that is both destructive and self destructive, it manages to merge what could be seen as transhistorical themes of power (Nero, Inquisition, Concentration Camps) to a depiction of the minutiae of such a power that meets no resistance. This does not only achieve an

explicit seguing of the viewer to a sense of history (perhaps achieved by a 40s setting informed by de Sade's 18th century philosophy) but it also allows for a foregrounding of 'hidden history': a concern for the quotidian that seems to be exploring the actual 'instituting' and maintenance of a place like *Salo*. We see how it functions. How it manufactures shit. We see blind fidelity. We see a whimsical law being arbitrarily produced. We see sadism becoming psychosis; see the social become the primal. That Pasolini depicts this barbarism so 'matter-of-factly' by means of the middle-distance shot; that he avoids sensationalisation by the intensely subtle framing of his moral outrage (more complicated than what we understand as 'moralism'); that he sidesteps the usual means of cinematic identification and individualisation; and that he draws viewers into the film by playing upon and subverting our fascination with sexuality are just several ways that *Salo* helps further expand a notion of the political beyond that of parties, the State and workerism. Politics here is intensely linked to the 'practice of living' and again, the lack of an overriding moralism of good-v-evil or left-v-right, sees to it that the moralism at work in *Salo* is unplaceable and, in thereby adding something enigmatic to an already harrowing depiction of regression Pasolini seems, by these means, to be able to evacuate from the film any hint of salaciousness and knee-jerk outrage. As a maverick communist it is perhaps Pasolini's commitment to social change that provides a bedrock to his being able to present such 'negative' images which, in his hands, come to function not so much as 'positive images' but as a spur to resistance: the Slaves are so utterly servile and helpless that the viewer, in identifying with their suffering, comes to see not what is actually depicted, but the gaping omission of an enactment of liberation.

But this is not all, for Pasolini, several years after the upheavals of 1968, alerts us to the potential dangers of "taking our desires for reality" whilst pointing towards the difficult terrain of phantasy and its role in modern society. In this way *Salo* serves as a springboard to a wider discussion that is illustrative of our own complicity in watching the Master's take their pleasure. For if what occurs before us in *Salo* falls short of a clinical definition of 'psychosis', if psychosis is a means of absolving the problems Pasolini poses by having recourse to a pathology, then what is present and unavoidable is his depiction of desire as a 'naked desire', a desire that is 'absolute' and which perhaps touches uncomfortably on that similar element of instinctive narcissism that informs each spectator: a denial of the presence of the 'other'. *Salo* thus problematises desire by offering us an image of desire which, being figured as an unbridled pleasure principle, escapes the bounds of social responsibility and makes us ask ourselves: 'desire for what?', 'desire to what end?'. Pasolini's depiction of the Masters therefore makes us witness to a desire that can easily be made to conform to the dominant representation of desire as 'absolute' as well as to one that is in the thrall of the dominant representations of 'perversity'. The latter, expressed by Pasolini through means of the religious iconography, marriage rituals, the infantile fascination with shit and the storytelling is a measure of the Masters' limited powers of phantasmising as such representations dictate and lead their desire in a heteronomous direction... towards a pre-established symbolism. The former, seen in terms of the Masters' sadism and uncontrolled aggressive instincts, is a representation that is instaurated by a belief in the capitalistic notion of freedom that has individualism rather than social responsibility at its core. Thus in the final circle when the Masters torture some of the Slaves to death they are shown as taking a belief in their individualism to such an extreme that it is as if Pasolini is intensifying their personification of capitalism to the point that both it and they can never discover that desire is subject to a social metabolism: "desire finds its meaning in the desire of the other" [11]. By treating people as 'things', by denying the 'other' and eliminat-

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soho hardcore @ ambient soho

speedcore hardcore breakcore darkcore.....ambient core

spiral tekno french tekno acid tekno.....ambient tekno

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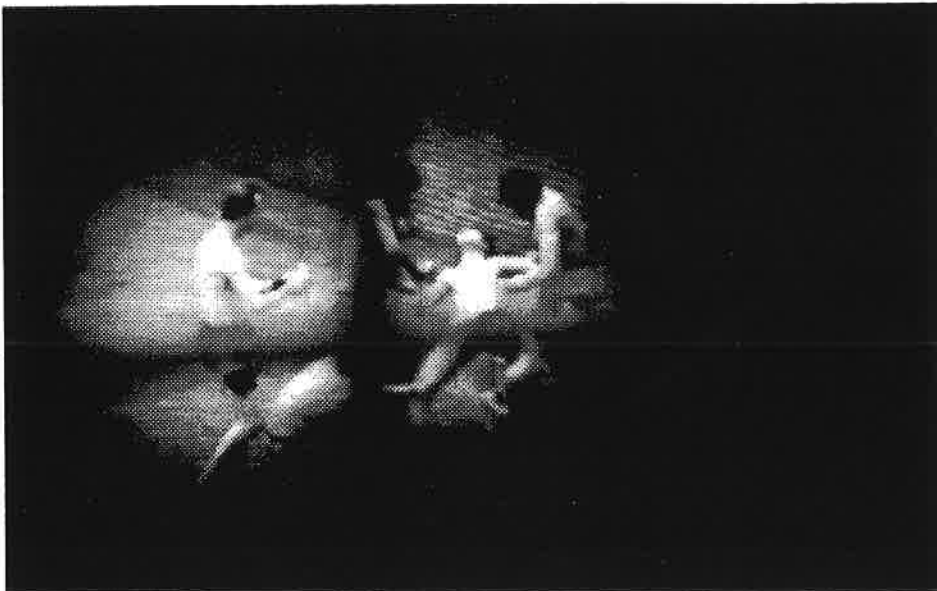
"LONG LIVE DEATH"

ing difference, the Masters' individuality becomes as particularised as to be psychotic. From then on they can only hear their desire as a low and threatening rumble that marks their isolation and separation from society.

If earlier Pasolini films like *Canterbury Tales* and *Arabian Nights* celebrated sexuality then *Salo* similarly points in the direction of a need for different forms and representations of desire other than those that can be manipulated into figurations of lack, frustration and self-destruction. Thus, in *Salo*, it is as if Pasolini is issuing a warning against a too enthusiastic and non-reflective embracing of the radical potential of 'desire'. We need only consider that the Masters' are shown by Pasolini as having actively 'instituted' a form of society that will enable them to enact their 'desire' to realise that they have created an asocial utopia that parallels the creation of the Nazi State: a 'realised nihilism' that requires complicity and obedience in order to come to life. In other words it is a utopia that can only function by renouncing the desire of the other and, by foregoing the social dimension of desire in this way, it can do nothing but legislate for its own pleasure - psychosis becomes the norm. The Masters have thus created a well-controlled and well-legislated 'freedom', a freedom that is capitalistic to the degree that it contains a high ratio of 'instinctual liberty'. So, just as the absence of resistance in *Salo* instates a resistance in the viewer, so too this notion of freedom, an heteronomous freedom subject to laws of instinct that encourages an unbounded pleasure, an unreflexive self-centredness, entices the viewer to think about a possible meaning of freedom; one that is autonomous and no longer heavily reliant on prohibition as a defining instance of freedom: "the law prohibits something that is perfectly fictitious in the order of desire or of the instincts, so as to persuade its subjects that they had the intention corresponding to this fiction" [12]. The Masters' freedom is a freedom to regress to a primal nexus and Pasolini infers that such a gratification of instinct is too often mistaken as libertarian and autonomous when it is actually another facet of the capitalistic representation of desire. What is prohibited, be it aggression or sadism, is not necessarily radical and so, from this, we can infer that there is more to freedom than that which is defined for us as freedom by the law. *Salo* thus offers the viewer an outlook on culture and civilisation which is not an 'onward march of progress' but is rather an ensemble of institutions that are charged not only with keeping the primal in check but which actively draw upon it to maintain the status quo (nazi tribalism). Against such subliminal manipulation of desire and imagination Pasolini offers that culture should be a progressive force that aids in the retranslating a notion of freedom that is autonomous and anti-capitalistic. One that creates new instincts and desires. It is perhaps this avant-gardist facet of Pasolini that means that he offers up an almost situationist loathing of art as a separable and transcendent category of experience and activity. In *Salo* he has the Masters utter philosophical speeches of justification wherein they invoke the names of Baudelaire and Nietzsche and quote Bennis and Proust. In a telling sequence these words become 'disembodied' to provide a soundtrack as the camera slowly pans across the modernist canvases of Braque and Leger. We are struck here, as with the references to Opera, classical music and with the use of an Ezra Pound radio address, by Pasolini's quite flagrant condemnation of the modernist project as one that has abdicated its creative responsibility to become a gloss on society rather than a force that could provoke a revolutionary transformation of society. Again, Pasolini infers the presence of something by overdetermining its absence. In *Salo* creativity (from the institution of an asocial utopia to the Braque canvas) is not presented as "radical imagination" that can come to stand in for an absence of imagination and can induce a slavish thrall before the institutionally declared masters of poetry, philosophy and art. Is modern art here being figured as a disavowal of social creativity, as a sop to frustrations, as just another commodity that signifies its bearers stature and dispassionate sophistication? If we take heed of the way that Pasolini crafts several obviously 'aesthetic' shots and is careful to use symmetry and

balance even in the courtyard torture sequences is he not also casting himself in the role of an aesthete while castigating himself for it? Maybe he was aware that his film would be viewed as 'art' and he is thus adding these elements of seduction that will make 'sophistication' jars against 'brutism' and thus shock his audience into an awareness of the uses of such modern art that itself seems cut-off from social concerns? Does he thus distance himself from 'art' and stake a claim for creativity to always have in mind its radical trajectory? Through *Salo* Pasolini seems to suggest that we should not "take our desires for reality", for these are desires that fall prey to the dominant representations, but that we should create new desires that enable us to "recognise that we are ourselves social and historical subjects with a part to play in a project of transformation". Where no-one was, there we shall be [13].

Howard Slater
@ Break/Flow



NOTES

- (1) Pasolini cited by R.T.Witcombe: *The New Italian Cinema*, Secker and Warburg, 1982, p125.
- (2) *ibid*, p153.
- (3) This gangsterism hints at a Mafia presence and also makes reference to the Mafia's facilitation of the allied invasion of Italy in 1944. A subject drawn and presented by the political film-maker Francesco Rosi in his movie *Lucky Luciano* (1975).
- (4) Pasolini cited by Alan Young: "Pasolini, Salò, Sade" in *Flesh & Blood* No.4, 1995. This accentuation of people as things is further articulated by Pasolini by means of his not focussing closely upon any decorative objects within the chateau in the manner of, say, Visconti in films like *The Leopard*.
- (5) The preparations and entrance of the Madame as well as the ornamentation of the Hall and the chateau are played by Pasolini as a direct reference to the rituals of Opera. The Madame is a Diva and the Hall, with its Baroque ambience, is an auditorium. Pasolini's use of highly symmetrical shots in these sequences further bears this out.
- (6) Cornelius Castoriadis: *World in Fragments*, Stanford University Press, 1998, p206. This backs-up Pasolini's remarks about the commodification of the human and would also resonate with the idea that the Masters are heavily reliant upon having their fantasies laid on for them by the Madame. Castoriadis: "what is specific to psychosis is, if not the suppression, at least the short-circuiting of phantasmic activity. Why? Because the other has been lived either as non-desirer or as a bearer and conveyor of an unbearable desire - namely, for the death of the subject - or of hatred." A psychosis of power?
- (7) That de Sade wrote "120 Days of Sodom" whilst imprisoned may lend this point credence?
- (8) Is this what is inferred by the shot where one Master reverses the opera-glasses to see the whole of the courtyard and thereby sees all tortures going on at once? Or is it for this Master an indication of his supreme control?
- (9) Cornelius Castoriadis: *Crossroads in The Labyrinth*, Harvester 1984, p52.
- (10) Bertolucci uses this motif in *The Conformist* (1970). A film which similarly deals with Italy's Fascist past but which follows the individualistic route of the anti-hero rather than attempt to deal with groups and 'blocks' of alliance as Pasolini does.
- (11) Jacques Lacan: *Ecrits*, Tavistock 1977, p58.
- (12) Deleuze & Guattari: *Anti-Oedipus*, Athlone 1984, p115.
- (13) Cornelius Castoriadis, *ibid*, p40.

Possessed in the Jungle City of Voodoo Quartz...by Rachael Kozak

R- Could you fill us in on your bountiful contributions to the jungle/breakcore scene in L.A., I know you are doing some writing, as well as DJing and running Jungle Voodoo...

S- Although the Jungle Voodoo store is currently web-only, it still takes a lot of effort to run. Weekly I put up all the new releases from our distributor, and my boyfriend is usually there to take packages to the post office! It's basically just us three. Originally, we started the store so we would have more access to records ourselves! We got kind of tired of going record shopping in town and nothing was ever available - all the new releases would be snatched up by the "bigger name" DJs even before they went out on the floor. It was the whole record store "politics" that was really getting us down. Another thing was that most stores would never want to order a record for you once it wasn't a new release anymore. So, we started an on-line store. We don't really make money off record sales - we would rather keep the prices down, and do the best to special order records for people who were having some of the same problems with the stores as we were! The t-shirts and accessories in the store we all make ourselves (hemp stuff, etc.) and the equipment (mixers, bags, etc.) we try to sell just above cost. We know that, like ourselves, it comes down to eating, paying the rent, etc....or buying records most times! Everything we do is on a shoe-string budget and it's done out of a love of the music. The web-site itself is also takes up a large part of my time since I try to update it everyday to every other day. I guess I am kinda lucky to not have a "regular job"!

As far as writing for the mags (including Massive, Knowledge, and others)... I seek out most of the interviews I do for BPM culture because I like to see the darker-side talent being represented. Same goes for reviews - I just review what I like...I also seek out labels that I like and get on their mailing lists. That's why most of my reviews are good ones!

The next thing on the agenda is running the Jungle Voodoo Collective (we didn't want to be a "crew" cuz we really aren't). So far we have 10 members. What I do is pretty much organise things and help distribute information amongst everyone. Basically, the collective acts like a tribal commune or something - we all share info (like promoters that are booking, places to sell/send mixtapes, etc.) and we all help each other out. Everyone is usually involved in several different projects...we never require anyone to be allied with Jungle Voodoo only (like many other crews and booking agencies). Our only requirements are that you have a love of the music and something you can "give" or share with everyone else - and that you are not one of those shit-ass people who like to take advantage of other people! Although we are not some elitist, junglist country club, we do make sure you fit the "qualifications" and then you can be invited in.

R- I was surprised to hear that a group of you in L.A. were getting into breakcore/noise/broken beats, since I had only heard of Dr. Freecloud hardcore scene out there...How does your store and approach to music fit into the L.A. music scene?

S- Basically it is just me and my boyfriend, Mario, who are the "evil junglists" (as far as the J.V.C. goes - in all of L.A. there are probably 3 other hard/dark junglists). Everyone likes a little bit of the dark stuff, but mostly play other styles. Although we have been known to bust into hardstep (like 95-96 style), we pretty much keep it in the pummeling category (heavy amens, breakcore, dark). I guess that's what we are known for, which is why we probably didn't get booked so much! When Mario and I play as a tag team we play as "Prime-Evil". A lot of promoters in this town have not been very open minded about the style of jungle being played at their parties. It's a heated debate really... they claim that it's being a "vibe killer" or that people won't dance to it. The reality is quite the contrary... the scene has been stagnated so long with "jump up", "rollers", or simple tech step that people are really sick of it. The same DJs play at every party and they're playing the same stuff at every party. Heads are ready for the change. Some promoters are finally starting to showcase some new talent and try some new styles. Jungle Voodoo will be throwing its own parties soon. Every smaller jungle party I've been to as of late was really pumpin' - the new talent, different music, smaller locations - everything was better - the "vibe" was strong and everyone was rockin'. As far as stores go... Freecloud's definitely the store for all your breakcore needs - they're known for hardcore music, that's their niche - I know I'd never want to take that away from them. As far as the Jungle Voodoo store - we only order from one distributor - so we don't get everything we would like, but we try to push the harder edged stuff =)

R- The name Jungle Voodoo implies dark, damp mysticism....

Do you see this type of music as having any effect reaching beyond the physical?

S-That name first got coined by Mario one night when I was playing a particularly ruthless string of records... he said "that's the Jungle Voodoo baby!" It pretty much stuck after that! The other thing is that I'm heavily into tribal things (from a very early age I've studied the stuff!). I think Jungle Voodoo pretty much fits me perfectly! Music has been used for centuries upon centuries to evoke moods, etc. Tribal peoples always use music in ceremonies - with the thought that it helps to put one closer and more in touch with the spirit world. I believe that without a doubt, music can take you to another "place". Mario and I are very much into the "evil" jungle because it makes us feel good! We are pretty dark people => after all!

R- Knowing how involved you are with sound, have you considered producing, and if so, do you have any plans for it in the future?

S-We just got another computer last week - and today I'm loading in all the programs (Cubase VST, etc). We have a Korg to hook up to it and hope to get a nice little sampler and mixing board. A number of the members in the Collective already produce and we've known we've wanted to for a long time. It's just been money really that's held us back (sad but true!). So now, we're preparing to unleash unto the world our sinister stylings - hopefully by mid year we might have something out...

R- How do you feel the US scene is keeping up with the rest of the rest of Europe, as far as harsher releases? Which labels are pushing it forward?

S-Well, as of yet there are only a few labels that I know of that are "pushing the envelope of sound" in that direction... one is DHR (whom I don't really care for because I don't think Mr. Empire is really that hard and innovative!), then there's Drop Bass, Ghetto Safari, and a brand new label out of NY, Machete (which just released a Panacea cut under the name "Warfare"). I actually think Machete is the more promising of all these because I know the guy that started it and is really into noise/avantgarde stuff. He is also starting a branch of the label and is supposed to be releasing a cut from DJ Scud and a few other hardcore/noise people. Also, their production (sound quality) is far superior to some other labels. Ghetto Safari I think would be the next choice - they put out some good stuff, but the production is always low. Eventually, Jungle Voodoo would like to start a little label and put out some hard stuff - but that remains to be seen! So in answer to the first part of the question... I think the U.S. is pretty behind as far as putting out a good amount of hardcore and hardcore jungle, but we'll catch up =)

R- Are you preparing for the millennium breakdown, or could you care less?

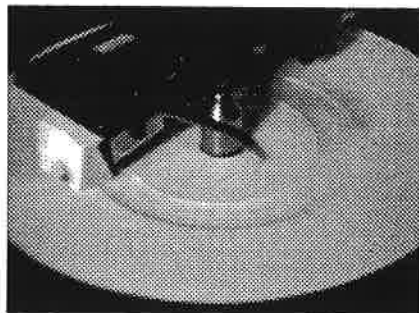
My thoughts on this are: I don't think the machines are what should be feared with the Y2K problem - it's definitely the people that should be feared. Not the intelligent people, but the irrational sheep that this country harbors so many of! It won't be a machine that breaks a window and loots a store...So yeah, I'm stockpiling a few items...and you better believe that if some moron were dumb enough to break into my window, they'd get shot in the head!

R- Does your collective have any political involvement, since there is such a fuct situation with race, class and police in L.A.?

L.A. is pretty much a shit hole - just like all the other urban techno landscapes of the world. Sadly (I guess) I am very politically apathetic...I have seen it too many times where I or someone I know has tried to get people going on a "cause" and it just fizzles out...most people are too happy getting fucked in the ass to do anything about their current situation. I guess you could call each one of us subversive - skirt-ing the "law" and the issues and eventually ending up doing whatever we please! We're throwing our first party on June 4th - and it will be underground... I believe its better to just disappear in the American Underground.

<http://www.junglevoodoo.com>

HIDDEN



AGENDA

Alert sounds / shrill-step / broken electronics / harsh gramophone...
Brown Sierra (Noisegate) Christoph (Praxis)
On-Off (O-RPM) Stannier Black 5 (Argot)
Nomex (Adverse) Retro A.K.A. (N.F.R.T.)

21st June - Launch Night - Ag's Hideaway, 247 Peak, Birmingham.

22nd June - The Seven Witches, Shadwell A.B.I. (Invite only)

23rd June - The Crypt of St.Giles, Camberwell New Road, 8pm / £5

24th June - Klinker@the Sussex, 107a Culford Road, N1. 8.30pm £2/4

25th - The Red Rose Club, 129 Seven Sisters Road, N7. 8pm £2/4

26th June - Le Bar, 57b Vauxhall St, Kennington / Oval. 9 till dawn.

info - ADVERSE BM FUZZ LONDON WC1N 3XX

www.c8/adverse

Live link - www.backspace.org/datacide

out all the cod dialogue ('harder, louder, faster' excuse me). What Andy V/Vm was doing there I don't know, but the flip to this sees their next work since the highly avoidable Leaf material (compost?). Two tracks that sound like the Butthole Surfers - too little too late. Please, someone at DHR give this man a contract so we can all get on with our own lives. DM

Pure - The End Of Vinyl -

Mego 3"OD

Goem - dertig cm - Mego 12"

Mego humour in the titles here. Datacide's favourite aunts DJ Pure celebrates 'the end of vinyl' with a 3" CD of two tracks called side one and side 2. Punchline alert - both of these tracks are compiled from multi layered samples of vinyl run-out grooves (the end of vinyl...). Goem's dertig cm is actually 30cm of vinyl from a producer nurtured on the taalplaat scene where vinyl is a non-entity. The humour ends with the sounds as we enter typical record territory. Pure goes for an overkill of highly related data, looking in a multitude of rough sounding run off tones, whilst goem shows us his 'student simulator' hospital monitoring machine to create the kind of flatliner techno that exists amongst the small bands of Panasonic fans. How Mego manage to operate filters of quality and pointedness on their releases is a perplexing question, but once again these two missives strike with a deadly accuracy. DM

Hanayo in Panacea

Millie Plateaux 56

Panacea let loose to defuse the aggrandising cerebral nature of Millie Plateaux through a collaboration with 'pop' sensation Hanayo. 10 tracks of extremely diverse extremes ranging from insane hardcore overload (Panacea is apparently now working the states through Industrial Strength), grafted hip-hop structures (similar to Panacea's better output on the Electric Ladyland comp), full-on electronics in the Merzbow/Aube mould, a bizarre (and woe!) cross between Jean Michel Jarre and drum and bass, and a finale of mutilated Tekken sequences. Hanayo's contribution in a distressed Björk style intervention leaning more towards the Evil Dead than Vanessa Paradis (as the tip sheet would have us believe), throwing on the finishing touches to push this firmly into the territory of a digital Einstürzende Neubauten. A call to arms for those who thought Panacea was dwindling in a diminishing drum and bass lock groove, but the aggression can sometimes overshadow the generic modifications and genetic manipulations at work - ie heavy listening - can I go home now? Dorothy Matrix

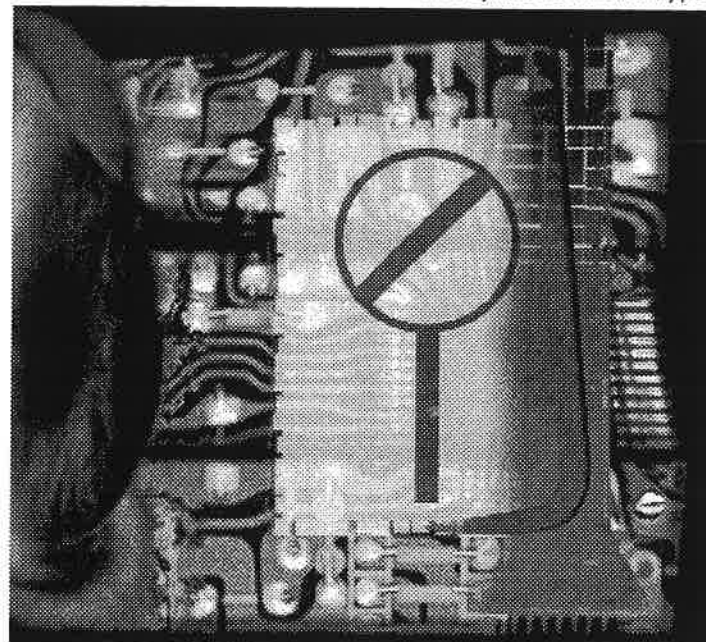
cal equation. Like an art exhibition consisting entirely of bar-charts and graph paper - the prickly obscurity of it all draws you in.... Dorothy Matrix

AMM: For Ute / Merzbow: Tower Of Ghost

Fat Cat Records

Another intriguing split-single that sets Japanese noise-merchant Merzbow in a fruitful contrast with the long standing improvisation-ensemble AMM. Given that both deal with the manipulation and exploration of 'noise', with the jettisoning of an accustomed duration and the radical disavowal of musical narration, it is a testament to this release that, by drawing the two into associational proximity, countless differences are enabled to be opened. Merzbow, an individual, mainly deals in electronic sound sources whereas AMM, a group, take the main impetus of their sound from acoustic sources: the piano of John Tilbury, the percussion of Eddie Prevost. That said electronics appear in AMM through the deconstructing guitar playing of Keith Rowe where a 'treated' guitar, is 'played' with bows and bolts and screws. Extraneous sources are also given into AMM's sound via contact microphone and portable radio. Already there is more to say about AMM than there is about Merzbow. The latter's track is just one of thousands that this producer has released and Tower Of Ghost proves to be no exception to the rule. The interest lies in the way that a fascination with such noise music can come to be apprehended as a means of avoiding a 'dialogue' that AMM, in contrast, are intent on providing by means of the process-accent of their 'music'. As improvisers AMM are dialoguing with each other, but at the same time, as is figured by the intervention of electronic and atmospheric components, they institute a dialoguing process with the listener. There is no resistance to the extraneous, it is made intravenous, taken-on, responded-to and issued-out. AMM are dialogic whilst Merzbow are monologic. The spaces within AMM, the intent to create layers, the fluctuation of attack and decay, of timbre and texture, is creative of an open space that is enhanced by bringing the acoustics of their performance (For Ute is an excerpt from a live performance in Graz) into a discrete collaboration with the recording technology. The various laminated elements of AMM's can then be contrasted to the singular, almost tunnel visioned, aspect of the studio-bound Merzbow track. Even so, Merzbow and other such noise music, are maybe exploring that narcissistic dimension of noise, where, there is this fascination with eliciting a 'psychosis' of sound: the extraneous is resisted, memory is blocked

warded-off the approach of language. However the continually intriguing factor of this split-single is that the AMM track encourages such an approach to Merzbow to be made, rearticulating 'closure' as 'openness', whilst the Merzbow track makes vivid the aural adumbrations and political nuances of AMM. Two approaches to the dissolution of the 'self'. Flint Michigan



Various: Modulation and Transformation 4

Millie Plateaux

If ever there was a music industry-mediated release to make the 'truth-value' of the reviewer redundant then this could well be it - confess your subjective partiality, renounce 'in-house' objectivity, and sack yourself. With 36 tracks spanning a duration of over 3 hours we are effaced withby a 'various' that may as well be read as 'variegated' ('the difference is spreading' says Gertrude Stein). Any review is thus - more pleasingly, more efficaciously, more politically - freed to become 'writing' and to make its

lice: passion first, passion to perceive, then desire in perception = no first but thirst / no truth except a neologistic one (a symphony of KLANG). THEREFORE (three fires) the Paris '68 wall graffiti: 'Beneath the paving stones, the beach' (revolutionary) becomes the Preston '99 bus seat scrawl: 'On the continuum, the imperceptible' (involuntary). Sound arouses thusly because, unreviewed, de-mediated, being of uncertain ratio, maybe microtonalique (another story), it can pass between blocks of always lately genres (noise is a battering ram that attempts to crack the edifice of genre - it's real success is in the way it trains us, makes us ready for the real shock of imperceptibles that lie at a remove beyond noise ... 'ever hear a cello-flanger roll?'). Sound becomes free of being pressed into service (genre as a neo-colonial occupying force of gentle brutality that persuades listeners to identify themselves as passive); it can return to being 'unlocatable in space', at the same time that, being made to be most unnatural, it is a dispersion of perversions that flow away and never come back to the source once it's flowing and started. Sound is in its element (to the nth power of unnatural) when it is machined (filtered, tangentialised, bugged, diagonalised, twisted, made hologramic - virtualising the musical sign to the degree that it passes between, but passes in such a way that it is perceived (slowly...but leaving its vapour trail in the guise of resounding depth). SO. Wet-eyes. Quiversome skin. Glazed-over passion can only hear the difference. Tracking the imperceptible, making the unnatural perceptible, is to embrace a suffusion of differences (Proust's spoon) that touch the drum (hourless drum) and renounce a conscripted sound (reviewed) that is instantly contemporaneous and presciently bored (new). But the new is in history and when

reviews continued on page 20

MINISTRIES OF THE ORGASM

'Sexpol' in Reich and Makavejev

On the night NATO blew up the Chinese embassy in Belgrade, Yugoslavian (Serb) director Dusan Makavejev's film WR: Mysteries of the Organism was shown for one night only at the NFT in London. Given that 'WR' stands for 'Wilhelm Reich', and 'organism' flimsily disguises 'orgasm' (a euphemism supposedly urged by censors), it's hardly surprising that institutional Western bohemia has loved the work since it first appeared in 1971. Portly, bearded English critic Raymond Durgnat, the author of a recent monograph on the subject, claims it on behalf of all those turned off by 'unpleasure' in Godard and Brecht. Nearly 30 years later, free love and ideological boxing have disappeared into demographic margins for error (at least as practices), but Reichian notions of sexual 'repression' and organic psychology have taken over the asylum, so to speak, setting the policy agenda for the coming century.

Makavejev seems to have been a sincere fan of Reich, dedicating the film to 'his life and teachings', and sympathetically weaving the story of the discovery of orgones, the doctor's group work in Rangley, Maine and his miserable death in the State penitentiary with the worlds of his latter-day disciples (including a tooled-up Tuli Kupferberg of the Fugs) in America and Belgrade. Yet the director's (presumed) personal enthusiasm for the subject matter is less effective than an opposing impulse from the realistic, anti-naturalistic techniques used. A 1990s audience might feel lost in the critical distance opened up this way, but these devices weren't Makavejev's invention or those of his time.

Irritable flitting between impossible filmed worlds, from documentary to narrative to found stock and back again, keeps us from taking the auteur's desires for reality. Cathartic identification with images, the ritual purging of emotions at the heart of W.R.'s therapy, is wrecked at every turn. Recurring components include:

- Interviews with Reich's former associates, shots of his adopted home town and the prison where he died, and encounters with his self-styled hippy heirs

- Stalinist propaganda intercut with footage of experiments in Nazi German psychiatric hospitals (a subtle dialectic reduced to oafish propaganda by Durgnat, who assumes that Nazi electroshock simply 'stands in' for its unflinched Soviet counterpart)
- A fully self-managing Real Socialist tragedy, in which a Reichian fanatic named Milena preaches to the workers, before ideologically and physically seducing Russian People's Artist (in the medium of ice-skating) Vladimir Ilich, only to end up decapitated by an immaculate Soviet ice-blade

- A counterfeit 'Sexpol' bulletin (actually made up of Woodstock blowjob surveillance and a Serbo-Croat folksong reworked as a Communist hymn) exhorting Party youth to frequent orgasm in the name of Proletarian health.

WR delivers Reich's critique of fascism ('Red or Brown') as authoritarian sublimation of properly genital desire lucidly and with earnest indignation. The rivalry between orgasm and its unnatural projection onto some abstraction (whether race, class

or art) is the film's one unifying theme. Milena explains to the fur-suited People's Artist that the picture on her wall picture of Hitler surrounded by dotting young women is a kind of warning: 'those slaves' suffused the monster with 'all the power of sex'.

Yet WR's disjunctive temporality, its structure as a series of interruptions, tests this central thesis against every possible combination of its heterogeneous parts, and of these with every part of the audience's reality. Regardless of Makavejev's personal sympathies, the result is more devastating than satire could ever be. The Doctor's credo is allowed to unfold fully, and in doing so it reveals its limits.

The bodily truth opposed to the kitsch political Idealism of the transcendental (fascist or Real Socialist) State appears as the latter's mirror image: a correspondingly totalitarian ideal. Orgasm is the model next to which all other manifestations of desire, engagements of the body with the world, are merely corrupt metaphors. Milena dreams of a dictatorship of 'Life Energy' perfectly expressed in 'the genital embrace', founded on the authority of Nature (perhaps the only power able to outbid nation and class, abstract historical destiny).

The deep conservatism of this sexual utopia is paraded in praise for the muscular spasm as a social safety valve. Milena addresses a crowd of drunken workers, denouncing all disruptive sublimations. A thwarted urge to fuck, she rails, is channelled into 'crime and fighting with the police' (we need 'a healthy, crime-free society') or political passion (revolution and fascism). In other cases, natural genital desire is squandered on cursed substances ('the bloodstream orgasm of the alcoholic or junkie'), or perverted in 'the intellectual orgasm of the dogmatist or mystic theologian'. The same law is laid down, albeit in less messianic tones, by an affable American doctor friend of Reich's, who names and shames the bad configurations of the body (posture, muscular tension, facial expression etc.) which always give away a sickly soul. A type of therapy resembling a group primal scream induced by violent yoga can apparently cure these conditions.

Nonstop celebration of 'body awareness' doesn't alter the profound anti-materialism of this approach, or of today's flourishing cult of personal fulfilment through physical self-criticism. In the name of the identity of personality and body (you don't have your body, you are your body, crows the genial therapist), the two dimensions are rigorously separated. Personal trainers, behaviourists and lifestyle magazines propose generating a sensation of happiness, whether or not you have things to be happy about, by disciplining the organs into 'equilibrium'.

Likewise, through physical exercises, Reichian therapy reproduces emotions (and their immediate expression in screams, panting, tears) without reference to situations, singular mutual determinations of bodies and thought. This emotion-effect is supposed to free the patient from the causes of her previous, unhealthy emotions: implicitly, from history. (1.)

The Reichian vision of sexual 'liberation', based on an eternal truth of The Body, is opposed to every potential freedom, if freedom means power to comprehend and construct singularities, or situations. 'Historical agency', on however microscopic a scale, is surrendered when passions are pre-emptively 'let out' as abstract Life Energy, leaving the patient serenely indifferent to the complications of the fallen world. 'You are your body' sounds benign, but it only works in one direction. Where the eternally unchanging Organic body is set up as the model for all thought, all desire, there is no room for the image of thought as a deterritorializing power within the body, (capable of) affecting the arrangement of bodies in the world.

WR leaves no doubt about the strategic genius of the US government's decision to incarcerate Reich and burn his books. But not, as William Burroughs and the SPK believed, because a deadly insurgent was shut down this way. Rather, the persecution of this natural Eisenhower voter flooded his authoritarian system with a mysterious antinomian aura, in which generations have harmlessly worked off disruptive excess Life Energy. In an all-conquering cult of Health and personal fulfilment, this nihilistic legacy endures.

Matthew Hyland

(1.) Contemporary credence in 'Emotional Literacy', the science of adjusting every thought to to these effects as they're imposed, seems less strange if 'emotion' as such is recognised as the spectacle of intimate experience. This is true in exact technical terms: opaque events of body-becoming-linguistic thought are registered, represented as feeling, a singular, anonymous vibration. Subsequently, as a repertoire of distinct, named, reproducible emotions, this representation acquires an autonomous consistency. Each emotion is susceptible to treatment, and claims a certain authority, independently of the (bodily-linguistic) situation it approximated.



RECORD REATONS

SND
Make SND Cassette
Millie Plateaux 69

Millie Plateaux make a heavy re-investment in the Berlin-tech sound via the circuitous route of Sheffield based info-theorists SND. Having produced 2 limited run 12s from this (post) industrial cold city, they take the minimal packaging and anonymous design into the CD format. The sounds solidly a hybrid between the effects of a house hybrid of Chain Reaction and the earthy electronics and barely functional programming that surround Sheffield's place in electronic music, synchronising the organic pulses of Vintager, with a stripped down, ultra-critical set of clicks and bips obeying a shifting mathematical

and the power of phantasy is made inoperative. Merzbow assaults us with the manufacture of desecrated extremities and with his refusal to be 'understood' in the terms of a common significance called 'music'. Like AMM he jettisons this syntax and allows the machinic interface to become overwhelming: Merzbow, as an individual, is so much less than the wall-of-noise, but still attempts to effect it, to make interventions into it. That such a transformative intent, and the psychological-luring it effects, has appeared pleasing and disruptive, only serves to remind us that there have been more provocative Merzbow tracks than the one released here: an originally earmarked track was too fierce to be cut and it is worth wondering whether this one would have

text-response (lexical-once) a conduit towards fictional realities and a reinvigorated layering of the ocular drive = skin of the ear drum is a prosthetic instrument. Who needs musician-personalities when we can be artist-listeners says Nietzsche. AND SO, the sleeve notes talk of machines that enable us to perceive the imperceptible and just as each track here is a machine within a machine that interlocks with other tracks that are machines within machines, so too this compilation functions like a node of the Net = anonymous signals are all the better for the way they provoke desire and don't burn the ear-skin with the branding of 'name' and 'preceding reputations'. The perceptible is the ease of hearing sound organised into commodi-

IN THE CATACOMBS BURNS A LITTLE LIGHT!

Boris Domalain is founder of the fine experimental breakcore imprint Cavage Records and part of producer units like uht/Saoulaterre... and also one of the most active members of a growing scene in Paris which is spending their time in the catacombs under the city, the microcosm of another society... Are you down with the catacombs? By suckpop@snafu.de.

Who is running Cavage Records and when did you start? Cavage is run by me and the first release on it was from December 98.

In which projects are you involved?

Not any. I have done other releases on labels i'm not involved in and like to continue this in the future. I have worked a long time with my friend Boogi on some projects, more in the bruitist/noisy thing but we have just dropped a few tracks on vinyl and the most part of this work is still on DAT. The name of the project was "bougie soliterre". Why did you want to start your own label? Aren't their not enough labels around?

Well, Cavage is for me a way to drop really intimate and personal music without having to make any compromise of danceable, mixable parameters, just being able to edit music just because of the feeling it provides. I don't mean by this that dancefloor is shit. I love dancefloor. Dancefloor took me into music in the beginning and i like to do dancefloor. For that it's easier to find labels to edit the tracks. Cavage Records is my complement, the place for exorcism, crying, dissociating quietly... pffff!

How would you describe the label sound? Or is there no specific Cavage sound existing?

Well, i dunno. The word i heard the most about it is Experimental but this is a too masturbated word. I don't like it. I saw it in shops filed under hardcore/breakcore.

Do you have any political motivation to do Cavage Records? No, really not. I don't believe in anarchy, not anymore in politic that is the same thing for me. I believe more in music itself and what music can provide in the mind. This is feeling transmission. This is larger more communicative than any political word. The "fuck neo nazi and fuck fuck" on the cav01 labels is just a reaction and the rest is joke.

Is there any other sort of concept or ideology behind Cavage Records?

No... or yes, fuck! Just see above for the ideology and a way to drop imagery about catacombs and undergrounds in the shop. Propaganda to take the kids out of rave parties and get them in the undergrounds of paris playing with bones and candles...

Does that explain the label name? Cavage (french) sounds close to cave (in english). What is the deeper meaning of the label name? A cave is an entry for an underground quarry were ancient industry get stone to build buildings in cities. They leave us empty places under the ground everywhere and particularly 300 kilometers just under Paris. A nice place to visit. You have some in Germany, too. Do people get in there over there too?

As far as i know there exists a little scene of nature adventure freaks in Bavaria who try to find stones and minerals in closed but that has nothing do with with the music we talk about.

Well in Paris this is not any nature adventure meaning. Some surely do but it's more a separation from the city... a place under the real life... something parallel with no laws, no control possible, one of these rare places i know that have this status...

What are you trying to find weekends in the Metro underground? We are looking for treasures and rats to build the rebellion. Like in the past an army of rats will invade the city and decimate the bourgeois with the plague. In fact the metro is not so fun except for taggers. The most enjoyable undergrounds are the catacombs were exists a microcosm.

Tell us more! What is the special experience in the catacombs of Paris?

Well you take me to the point i like to talk about. This is the little music in my head... still playing... this is a real autonomous zone (i don't talk about taz phylo). You get in this place were no structure can take you, it's illegal to go under Paris but this is not the most important transgression that is in this activity. The funny thing is the micro society through what can be called a sort of "anarchy". They are several people going there over the weekends, some more addicted going down in the week, all kind of movements leave traces in it since they are abandoned, robbers and prisoners work in it to take the stone. After that they hide in it after doing bad things and then the youth of next generations take the place, from punks to graffiti guys and all rockers and fascists make the history of this place... fights, paintings everywhere, big parties and now tekno sometimes use them... Aah, they are also the necro fans that like this ground for the skulls and bones of humans from last century you can find in profusion over there... When you get alone inside there is also

a sort of intrasec expansion of senses, noises are growing wild with ear noises: the total darkness you cant find anywhere else, the feelings are so increased by the place...

Do you also party in the catacombs, or what? How are the conditions down under?

My best memories of parties in catacombs were not Tekno ones but those parties without music as first element, you know, just the soundtrack of old LSD parties 20 meters under daddy's seat watching prime time pop emission... painting bombs at the hand and running the galleries... the teenager "fuck" years... sometimes some free party sound systems use those abandoned undergrounds around Paris to do parties. This is a fucking set and setting, a must see!!!

The conditions in the catacombs are quite good if you don't mind about water in your shoes (but its clean phreatique water) and the stone traces. Of course there is no light so you must have candles and torches...

For someone who lives outside France it seems that the french hard electronic scene is very young, fresh active with lots of people who are involved or part of this underground electronic scene. For me it looks like a giant network with lots of small labels, producers and distributors... how is your view on that from the (french) inside? They are some "old" labels. I wasn't from the beginning in this music but i saw when i arrive some very important label on the scene, like

Explore Toi, Gangster Toons Industries (GTI), Notek, Laurent Ho or the TNT which is not a label but an institution anyway... They are here for a long time i think... It's a fact that they are lots of projects and that's good. Til' more we are til' more music is made, more influences are created, more drugs are taken... Arghhh! I think France isn't a very good place for hard music. They are only a few parties where they're playing hard stuff. Most people ask more for traditional Hardtek than the other sounds. But things can go further. It's this proliferation of several projects that can help in this case. People have to listen to like something and if no party play the other sound, then the people can't discover it. That's a vicious circle. So it is a hard job to distribute your own releases?

It's not easy in France but the rest of europe seems more open to other musics because it's low quantities. It stays a funny thing to meet people to make little work with them.

Where do you already released tracks? On the Perce-Oreille imprint, a nice french tekno label. I released there one record alone and one with Boogi, also two records on Explore Toi and on V/A bmttr, Notek, contributed to the TNT cdsms and of course religiously on the audio/visual irritant tape & zine releases.

There is this good connection between you and the crew from the audio/visual irritant in London. Your project uht/Saoulaterre joined already a few of their tape releases, on the 2nd Cavage vinyl is a track by the irritant member Beruku Kattse. What's the story of this connection?

This is friendship of course. It's like in the movie about internet. I met Andrew (the head of irritant) in the internet and we felt in love. Now each of us cross the sea between France and England to meet up. A nice story! But this guy drinks Cherry Coke so i think i will send him an 'au revoir'-e_mail. That's really disturbing me inside. The Beruku Kattse track on the cav02, "La Rocka", is a breakbeat, hip hop rude boy megablast.

Are there any other labels or producers you really respect for their work?

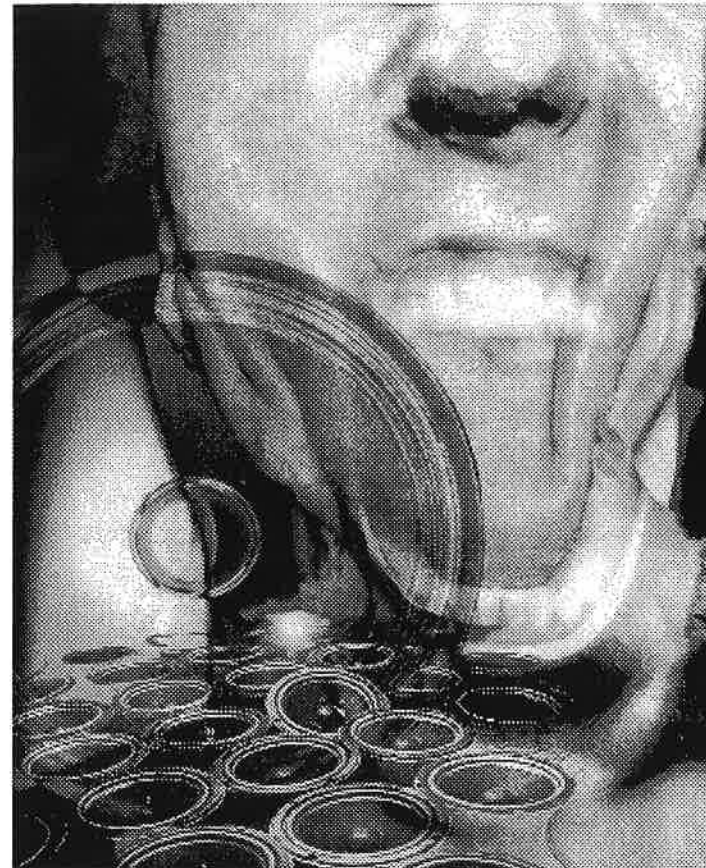
They are alot of sounds i like. In France i really enjoy the Hangars Liquides stuff. La Peste's works are close to what i like to do. That's funny. The Notek label is in the place, BMTR provides a real new sound these days. There is a very deep conspiracy with Lobotom, Xtraqualitate (Epileptic Music). I really like the stuff from british labels like Ambush Records, Praxis Records and Amputate, those tea drinkers breakbeats really move the ass and the cns. The Somatic Responses move my bloody heart and that trash stuff from Germany, the kool.POP records. I don't stop to play these days the 52 Ohm record (by Society Suckers and In:uzini) that is totally o.b.e. music!!! And loads of things i think i love too much but i forgot. Somebody sold me weed before i came back home to talk with you!

Yep, the usual drug problem. I heard from that... How is your relationship to drugs?

Well, psychedelics and entogens are very close to me, even if i don't use them as much as in a certain period of party abuse. I think drugs are very close to the human condition and evolution, from the beginning of communication and manipulation (through religion). I don't mean people must take substances to "open their eyes" or "evolute".

This is a so intimate relationship some people cant afford or don't need or don't complete with. For me, i think, i will put interest in this a long time. Psychedelics are so interesting experiments. I love Alexander Shulgin books as some christians love their bible... but drug is a hard women to fuck with and she has pretty names like speed that are very very dangerous... creation killer as heroin is pain killer... i definitely do a break with that... o.b.e. for the masses... get the kids dissociated... One thing i really like to try is sensorial privation in those machines, you know, just like in this comic drug movie "Altered States"... it's very comic but i don't want to mutate in primate monkey anyway.

Are you part of the french Teknival scene?



'Hybris'. We then get the flipside to the recent Current Value 12, another disappointing Disorder track, the excellent untitled track (from Chrome 12), and a final salute with a live in your face track that veers dangerously close to Panacea's mosh-metal tendencies. So its a strictly nostalgic affair that brings back some happy memories but an awareness of the swiftness of the dynamics of these scenes. DM

Recordings Instant

SuperCheap 3
20 inches of ill-defined electro beats that surface with increasingly regularly on the axis between Disko-B (Germany) and Cheap (Austria). Five tracks here: all of them mocking of the strong genres like techno and breakbeat but falling into a deliberate bland-ness that parallels and opposes Chain Reaction's collapses into static dub. Typical Cheap irony then, maybe even super-irony in this case? Highlight is 'Autoelektrika' which skirts round the pungent cheese of a eurodisco anthem before finally giving in for a tantalising couple of closing bars. Strictly for self-flagellants. DM

Spin Supercharged'

ForceInc 160
Biochip cements his status as current workaholic within the ForceInc sweatshop, ditching his electro-kitsch style and building on his (and the labels) renewed relationship with time-tampering 4/4 beats. Whereas trapping loops of pop pulp can invoke nihilist spasms (here we have a reinterpretation of Hypnotist's 'This House is Mine') the work here seems to be more immersed in Force Inc's larger and more focussed strategy of reanimating the pre-acid and cod military beats of (say) Nitzer Ebb (the 3 Heckman releases are the reference points here). Unfortunately, as with his Null 12, Biochip seems to fall between the two camps. DM

Ganymed remixes

Sabotage 39
Sabotage's strategic division align themselves with some key operators in the neuromantic scene, and hatch a parallel scenario of the disco heat beat that is being championed by the likes of simulcra movies such as 'Boogie Nights'. Of course, what we have here is as much 70's Travolta as it is 70's angry brigade. Parallax Corporation and adult set the hi-scores with their 'interpretations': Ferenc ditching his stifled electro habits and resurrecting his Italian disco fetish with a 125bpm lo-energy disco-pant, and adult tweaking up the tempo, chopping up the samples, and applying their deliberate 70's electronic lip-gloss. The Krok track seems a little too serious in pursuing that false haven of the 'real' electro track (now we have had electro sucked into the commodity machine it is perhaps time to try a little harder?), though Elin provides one solution by pulling the knot tighter on the noose between disco and 2step garage making a seductive piece of slick trash. Speed Garage recommended in Datacide? - work it out for yourself. DM

Shinto 'Ai To Kakumei' Separator 02

Sublabel from Disko-B, continuing the parallel process with Cheap by creating a space for raw electronica tampered by the likes of euro-septics Platzgummer and Potuznik. Separator 2 rolls back to the early Chrome releases where breakbeat ran amok before gathering under the stormclouds of techstep - definitely a case of lost before found with fast changing moods and programming, prolonged monologues and singularities galore. Deep listening, as they say when words run out. DM

White Viper 'Crawler' Position Chrome 35

Rumoured to be Techno Animal, but closer to the future-tech of Current Value with disjointed breaks, high voltage snares, distorted bass and apocalyptic sound drifts. Side one is slightly more cyclical than c.v. making it mixable in the twostep onslaught, whereas the flip is insanely approximated and spills everywhere for the first half of the track, driven along by an unremitting electronic gale. Futuristic and nasty in equal measures, indicating the first signs of a bug in the twostep command program. DM

Tekonivel 'Gulab Jamoon' Tension 02

Mika Vainio delivers on 4 tracks against all those who thought the Pan Sonic album was a little to polarised by dub electronics. Gulab Jamoon sees a return to the 4/4 using that bottomed out bass thud surrounded by occasional electronic whirs and sighs, ie Vainio at his best taking the next leap from techno to PCP to this new sound, whilst slowing the tempo enough to impinge on those in the electro camp. Best track is B1 which twists a wicked signature into a gruelling bass drive - a key release. DM

Thomas P. Heckmann 'Raum' Mille Plateaux CD MP68

Most of the producers in the Force Inc stable use the labels multi-noded set-up to experiment with their own outlooks, and Heckmann adds to the list by returning to MP after signing his name in the visitors book way back at the labels inception with one of his 'Age' packages. Of late Heckmann has been trotting out the techno trax and remixes as well as producing the 'Welt in Scherben' triumvirate that managed to dumbfound critics by faithfully reproducing the Nitzer Ebb sound. His single-minded-ness makes him, and this new project, worthy of attention.

Without wanting to appear like looking for a reason to enjoy this CD, I'd suggest taking the advice given on early Coil and LAYLAH tracks and playing it at beyond the accepted maximum volume. This detracts away from labelling the whole project as ambient, leaving only the regrettable track 4 (no names, of course) as something resembling a musical accompaniment to water-birthing. Playing loud benefits the listening simply because the soft focus foreground tones are bleached out and made to crack and bubble, while the clicks and whirs that sit feebly in the background appear more aggressive. Overall this makes the unspoken concept of the project - sound travel - appear more direct as opposed to contemplative. Track 1 has the listener trapped in the basement of an empty building, tracks 2 and 7 borrow heavily from Porter Ricks, tracks 3 and 6 best illustrate pure sound travel using various overlapping an never-arriving pulses, whilst track 5 sounds like an insect version of 'Second Annual Report'. DM

Anthony Child / Andrew Read vs Speedranch Jansky Noise - Split series 6 - FatCat

The surgeon meets the doctor as techno's half-dimensional demigod at last shows that he listened to his oft quoted 'influences'. If only T/G had persisted, then maybe 'post-rock' wouldn't have needed to be invented - because it sounds even worse than rock. So one track of one side of this sounds like an update of 'Shadow Of The Sun' (that's a credit). Speedranch is post-rock in a different sense of the word - a man of one pair of trousers and one facial expression - like the badboy who comes good in an Aussie soap opera. No surprises then that when the media came looking for him he agreed to mime

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I'm no part of it but i'm really enjoying it. I'm not in a sound system or else but i go to Teknivals whenever i can. Teknivals are a great thing. They are lots of things in it that are subject to criticism but that's what is. Hey, we are in, I really think a Teknival is an underground hardcore event, even when they play Hardtek or Trance or what the fuck else. I mean it has to be seen from the inside. It's so massive. Organisation through disorganisation, the weight of every people who was in it in front of the officials, it's a real improvised structure. With a few big big parties in the catacombs, that's the most impressive underground event i never see...

About the idea of the Teknivals: I don't think (and hope) that there is not any precise idea. I don't like too many anarchist propaganda on a Teknival flyer. They let everybody get in it with a conception. That's what is really free behind the money-free entry. Can you explain what you mean by terms like "hardcore" and "underground"?

Those words have lots of intimate meanings for me. From a long time before techno who use and abuse of those terms. It's a hard thing to explain... I won't try... I think it's basically about subversion, integrity and activity... one through the other, one for the other... you see, i try to explain... fuck!

How do you usually go about creating a track? Do you start with an

idea or a sound?

There is not a traditional process. These days I begin with plug-ins to Cubase VST. So let me try the plugs first...

Do you have any main influences?

Well, influences are for me in real time. I mean I have been influenced by old things and also by all what i listen to at the moment... that are the same names I already listed... Ah, in the beginning i used to listen lots of Network23 records. This was perhaps my really first techno influence.

Do you play live, dj or both?

I have only done two live, one with Notek in a club and the second on first Teknival near Paris last summer... that were not very impressive experiences... I don't dj but i like to try it a little...

Are there any musical disaster stories you would share with the world?

Every time I try to sing little reggae in cars with friends they want to drop me by the window...

Where will it all end?

It'll never end, my dear. I'm already teaching my son to tweak the analog equipment.